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THE HEAVENLY ALCHYMIST

AND OTHER POEMS

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THE

HEAVENLY ALCHYMIST

And Other Poems

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THE

HEAVENLY ALCHYMIST

And Other Poems

BY

SUSAN AUGUSTA WOODBRIDGE

NEW YORK
ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & COMPANY
(INCORPORATED)
182 FIFTH AVENUE

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THE FATHERS.

If it is good to live in this our day;
If life has larger opportunities;
If dim-eyed Ignorance some light descries,
And Tyranny in darkness shrinks away;
If idols fall in distant heathen lands,
And trembling women, peering through the mist
Of superstition, find their way to Christ;
If conscience is no longer held in thrall,
And hostile nations own fraternal bands;
If God's own book is opened wide to all,
In language that the rudest understands, —
Shall we forget the dear ancestral hands,
And hearts o'erburdened with excessive care,
That wrought with God to lift us where we are?

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THE HEAVENLY ALCHYMIST.

A CLOUD of smoke I saw ascending,
And marvelled that so foul a thing
Should toward the blessed skies be tending.
But soon I ceased my wondering;
For, lo! as rising toward the sun,
It grew to be a thing of light,
And through the air it glided on,
With every movement yet more bright,
Until at last it lay unrolled
In hues of amethyst and gold.

The hills before my eyes were lying,
Unlovely in their wintry gloom;
No summer birds were o'er them flying,
No trace was there of life and bloom.
But while I looked, the airs of spring
Came floating on from tropic lands,
And bright-hued birds on rapid wing
Flew singing by in joyous bands.
Those gloomy hills, in summer's dress,
Were now all life and loveliness.

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The sea against the shore was dashing,
While lightnings searched its dark abyss,
And mingled with the thunder's crashing
Methought I heard its monsters hiss;
But while I looked the sun arose,
The lurid clouds were chased away,
And sinking into sweet repose,
The wild Atlantic smiling lay
As tranquil as that sea of glass
O'er which the saints in glory pass.

In thought, in distant islands dwelling,
I saw a tribe of savage men;
Their hearts with hate and lust were swelling,
Their homes were like the lion's den.
But, lo! as in a moment's space,
Their manners changed, their tones grew mild,
And every fierce and swarthy face
Took on the sweetness of a child;
And from beneath the palm-trees there
Arose to Heaven the voice of prayer.

O Thou all-seeing and unsleeping,
We recognize Thy hand divine,
For Thou hast all things in Thy keeping,
And all the changes wrought are Thine.

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Come, then, restore our darkened earth
To light and beauty as of old;
Give to our race a second birth,
And bring us back "the Age of Gold;"
Drive sin from the abodes of men,
That God may dwell on earth again.

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WELCOME, DECEMBER!

SAY not December has a gloomy face;
  What though the rose before her disappears,
And all the four winds quit their hiding-place,
  With martial music to salute our ears!

Not gloomy is December. O'er the sky
  She throws a ruby tint at morning's dawn;
Her frosty treasures in the valleys lie,
  And the earth glitters as if newly born.

You breathe December's breath, and through your veins
  The life seems coursing in a joyous play;
Your languid eye the light of health regains, —
  From heart and brow the shadows pass away.

Ye southern climes, whose garlands deck the year,
  Where wintry frosts and storms can never come,
I would not take the fadeless bloom ye wear
  For the wild changes of my northern home.

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I love the glory of the winter's sun,
When at high noon he blazes on my sight;
And not less love I, when the day is done,
The starry splendor of a winter's night.

And, oh! a double welcome give I thee,
And hail the coming of thine earliest dawn;
Thy breath, December, is most sweet to me,
For my dear country in that breath was born.

Yes, over wide and solitary seas
The fearless "Mayflower" ploughed her weary way,
Not wafted hither by a summer breeze,
But the fierce winds of a December day.

Yet more; it is December, year by year,
That brings His birthday feast who came from heaven
The robe of sinful flesh awhile to wear,
That by His cross our sins might be forgiven.

The latest flower that on the hillside grows
Had faded from the wand'ring shepherd's sight,
And Judah's hills were wreathed in wintry snows
When angels' songs burst on the startled night.

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Then hail, December! let the summer gale
For gay, luxurious crowds make holiday;
In thy stern presence let the timid quail,
But go thou on in thy triumphant way.

Say rather Come; oh, come, and linger long;
For all the fireside pleasures come with thee, —
The sweet discourse, the book, the tale, the song,
The bright frank faces grouped so lovingly.

Now is the time — the fruitage gathered in,
No fields unmown, nor golden sheaves to bind —
The coming hours for nobler work to win,
To garner up the harvest of the mind.

Now is the time the hungry poor to feed,
To clothe the naked, and the sad to bless,
For His dear sake who thought of all our need
In His divine and boundless happiness.

Then hail to thee, December! regnant queen!
With the rejoicing day thou comest now;
Upon thy breast the morning star serene,
The yellow sunbeams sparkling round thy brow.

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"THE SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL."

HE sat beside the brook he loved so well;
The hart and roe were bounding at his side;
Above his head green boughs of willow fell,
And lilies at his feet unfolded wide.

His flock were roaming o'er those pleasant fields,
Or resting peaceful in some shady nook;
He laid aside the staff the shepherd wields,
And in his arms the minstrel's harp he took.

His eyes were shining with a lambent flame,
His ruddy cheeks with deeper crimson glowed,
As on his soul the inspiration came,
And music, like a river, overflowed.

And there alone in that sequestered spot,
In the sweet valley where he had his birth,
He sang those melodies that perish not,
Triumphant psalms, repeated round the earth.

For while he sang, adown the coming years
The son of Jesse saw his greater Son, —
Saw heavenly hope dispelling mortal fears,
And the redemption of the world begun.

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BETHLEHEM.

WHAT awe on Mary's spirit fell,
What tender worship, who can tell;
What gratitude, without alloy,
When first within her youthful arms
She clasped the Babe whose perfect charms
Should fill the universe with joy!

She heeded not the gloom of night;
That manger looked to her more bright
Than if the sun above it shone.
The shadows from her soul were gone;
For unto her "the Child" was born, —
The promised heir of David's throne.

"Thou Holy Child," she softly sung,
"Thy name shall dwell on every tongue.
My son, my Saviour, here I see.
No mother's love was e'er like mine,
No other bore a babe divine;
It is not sin to worship Thee."

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Two thousand years are almost told;
The world itself is growing old;
And still with gifts of gold and gem
We celebrate the natal day
Of Him who in the manger lay
By Mary's side at Bethlehem.

And still, because they met His eyes,
We love the distant Syrian skies;
We love the hills and vales He scanned.
The waves He hushed seem blessèd yet;
His glory rests on Olivet, —
His country is "the Holy Land."

Said I "His country?" all the earth
Belongs to Him by right of birth;
And when He came, obscure, unknown,
Into a world His hands had made,
By sin and death in ruin laid,
He came but to redeem His own.

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THE BALLAD OF JOHN WICKLIFFE.

JOHN WICKLIFFE was a learnèd man,
And holy, fain would be;
So in his house at Lutterworth
The Bible studied he.

He studied it with care and prayer,
He studied it full long;
By day, and far into the night,
All in the Latin tongue —

The wondrous story Moses told,
The psalms that David sung,
The prophecies of ancient seers,
That down the ages rung;

The great salvation Jesus Christ
Came down from heaven to win
For us, who, without aid divine,
Had perished in our sin.

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He read how Christ was basely sold;
How on the cross He hung.
"Alas!" cried Wickliffe, "this is told
All in the Latin tongue."

The wise and loving words of John,
The burning words of Paul,
The threat'nings and the promises, —
He pondered o'er them all.

As still he read, his soul grew sick,
His heart with grief was wrung;
"I would," he cried, "this blessèd book
Were in my English tongue.

"Then priests of Rome would lose their power,
And cruel wars would cease,
And English hearts would own their king
In Jesus, Prince of Peace."

Then, kneeling by his chair of oak,
Devoutly prayed he long,
That, though he in himself was weak,
His God would make him strong;

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Strong to translate the Holy Word,
So powerful and so pure,
That in the hall it might be heard,
And cottage of the poor.

God heard John Wickliffe's earnest prayer
Five hundred years ago,
As we, who live to see this day,
Have joyful cause to know.

Five hundred years the blessèd Word
To England has been given;
'T was borne across the stormy seas,
It is our guide to heaven.

And mighty in both hemispheres
The English name has grown,
Since on the tide of English speech
The Word of God was thrown.

1880.

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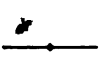
"BUY THE TRUTH, AND SELL IT NOT."

As when the poison of a serpent's fang
  Finds entrance, by a finger, to the blood;
Through vein and artery it flows along
  Bearing corruption with it, in a flood;
The victim writhes with pain in every part,
  Horror looks forth from his expiring eyes,
The deadly venom creeps through head and heart,
  And death alone can end his agonies, —
So error to the soul, if once received,
  Through its fine essence the swift poison glides,
Till quite corrupt, diseased, depraved, deceived,
  The wretched victim into ruin slides.
Then buy the truth, whatever price it bring,
Nor sell it, though to be a crownèd king.



"WHAT IS TRUTH?"

THIS question, asked in careless mood,
Had Pilate rightly understood,
With Truth embodied there before him,
And destiny impending o'er him,
He might have found a happy lot, —
He turned away, and *found it not.*

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THE ROYAL NECKLACE.

If thou hast never travelled far,
  Thou hast not seen Queen Marguerite,
The pride of Rome, King Humbert's star;
  And when the crowd her name repeat
  The soft Italian grows more sweet,
So known and loved her virtues are.

This lovely queen has often worn
  A necklace, given by the king;
He gave it on their marriage morn,
  And every year he adds a string.
  Now, many years their pure pearls bring
The royal matron to adorn.

And as she is of gentle mould,
  This Marguerite of fair renown,
She loves the gift of love untold,
  And prizes it above her crown.
  So all who press around her throne
Desire the necklace to behold.

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And thinking of Italia's queen,
  Of her espousals with the king,
Of the fair necklace given then,
  With marriage vows, and wedding ring,
  Another queen it seemed to bring
Before me, decked with gifts divine, —

The holy church, the bride of Christ,
  In robes of righteousness arrayed,
As when she met in sacred tryst
  Her King, to be so crowned and clad;
  Her pearls, the Christian graces glad,
Bestowed with marriage eucharist.

Still keep thy necklace, lady fair,
  Belovèd queen of Italy;
And bride of Christ, thy graces rare
  Let all the earth rejoicing see, —
  Thy faith, thy hope, thy charity,
Increasing ever, year by year.

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THE HAUNTED CHAMBER.

A LARGE, old-fashioned chamber; it has stood,
And bears the impress of a hundred years.
The carved and heavy beams, the ceiling low,
The window-panes so small, the num'rous doors,
The rattling casement when the wind is high, —
All seem to whisper of a by-gone age.
Yet 't is a pleasant chamber; toward the south
The windows open on a balsam-tree,
Where the first robins build their nests in spring,
And greet the morning with their joyous song.
Beyond, a verdant lawn, the village church,
And in the distance a blue mountain range,
With all its summits outlined on the sky.
And there are windows looking toward the west, —
Looking on maple-trees and ancient elms, —
On a broad, rural street, whose sheltered homes
Seem like the bowers of birds in summer time.
Those western windows toward the sunset look;
And when at close of a long day in June
The sun goes down behind the stately trees,
Leaving a track of glory on the sky,

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You gaze through tears upon a scene so fair,
And think it is the open gate of heaven.
But of the chamber! Such a little while,
So few fleet years have glided off from time,
Since in that chamber rosy children slept, —
Sleeping, as flowers hang down their heads at eve;
Waking, like "morning glories," with the dawn.
And every eve, as they lay down to rest,
While through the windows streamed the golden light
Of day departing, not alone on them
Fell that soft glory, but upon *her* form
Who knelt beside their couch in fervent prayer,
Asking God's blessing on each dear young head.
Fair was the form that knelt beside them then;
Undimmed those eyes, unfurrowed was the brow,
And dark and glossy was the clust'ring hair.

Years passed away; and, one by one, young brides
Before the mirror in that ancient room
Put on white vestments, and entwined their locks
With coronals of fair and fragrant flowers.
Their mother stood beside them, — older grown,
Her cheek more pale, her forehead marked with care,
But every line about her brow and eye

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Seemed the dear impress of maternal love.
And then came years when, gathered in that room,
Her children's children stood beside her knee,
Claiming her smiles and kindly offices,
And list'ning to her tales of other days.

So years passed on ; and then there came a time,
Of all the times before most sad and strange,
When they, who long had known that tender love,
Must live, and struggle on, without its light.
Within that chamber where she oft had knelt
And prayed for blessings on her sleeping babes,
Within that chamber whence her daughters went
Robed for the bridal, there the mother lay
In the last strife of earth, the strife with death.
And there she died ; say rather, thence she passed
From that dark chamber, darkened by our tears,
In wedding garments clad, by Christ arrayed,
Up to the marriage festival on high.
And now the chamber is a lonely one;
Pale through the windows nightly looks the moon,
And when at dawn the sunshine gilds the wall,
It only seems more chill and desolate.
Rarely the white-haired mourner enters there, —
There, where the door closed on his best beloved, —

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That strong, unyielding door, that opens not, —
The door between the living and the dead.
With awe her children tread the lonesome room,
And marvel at the mystery of death;
Yet there her presence sometimes seems to come,
As in their childhood she at evening came
(The eve before the yearly festival),
With animated tones and beaming smiles,
And said, "To-morrow is Thanksgiving Day."

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HOLY TIME.

WHAT 'S holy time? The Sabbath drawing nigh,
Like dew and sunshine coming silently,
With benedictions laden from on high, —
That 's holy time.

What 's holy time? The hour of peace benign,
Whether at dawn, or noon, or day's decline;
Whene'er in need we seek for aid divine, —
That 's holy time.

What 's holy time? When from the realm above
To man's lost soul descends the Holy Dove,
Filling that sinful soul with light and love, —
That 's holy time.

What 's holy time? When Jesus comes to bless,
Comes to redeem the soul from all distress,
Comes like the day, a Sun of Righteousness, —
That 's holy time.

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What 's holy time? When, with his staff in hand,
His eyes half darkened with their visions grand,
The Christian pilgrim nears the border land, —
That 's holy time.

What 's holy time? From sin and death set free,
When the soul launches on eternity,
And finds at length its rest, O God, in Thee, —
That 's holy time.

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HEAVEN.

ALL that we think of when we speak of spring,
Odors, and blooms, and songs, and soft blue skies;
All that we think of when of home we sing,
Shelter, and rest, and love that never dies;
All that the bondman means by being free,
His head, his hands, his feet, his mind his own;
All that the ardent soul aspires to be,
But sighs to think how little can be known;
All that we mean by blessed Sabbath days,
All that we think of in the sweet word "peace,"
All that we long for when our hearts we raise
To Him who bids us pray and never cease, —
These are the gifts prepared for the forgiven,
This is the home that waits the saints in heaven.

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GRATITUDE.

WHEN Jesus paused upon His way,
And on the beggar's sightless eyes
Poured all at once a flood of day,
In answer to his piteous cries,

Oh, say! what sought the beggar first
To fix his wond'ring gaze upon,
As nature's charms upon him burst,
And his long, starless night was gone?

Turned he to look on Jericho,
With open eyes and lifted arms,
Joying to watch the sunlight glow
On its fair roofs and lofty palms?

Or sought his eyes a range more wide,—
Founts, gardens, groves, and gushing rills;
The fruitful fields on either side,
Old Jordan's waves, the distant hills?

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Or turned he from his long, long night,
To gaze upon those deep blue skies,
So fair, so vast, so full of light?
Well might they fix his stranger eyes.

No, these, nor kindred sought he now,
Nor even Zion's holy place;
But weeping, smiling, kneeling low,
He gazed alone on Jesus' face.

The crowd passed on, and Jesus past;
Where is the joyful beggar gone?
The dews of eve are falling fast;
He heeds them not, he follows on.

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LOOK UP.

Look up, old man, through dim and sunken eyes;
All things are changed to thee beneath the skies,
But they are still the same, —
The same blue skies that on thy frolics smiled,
And sprinkled dew-drops when thou wast a child,
Ere pain and sorrow came.

E'en thus the sunbeams danced among the trees
When thou wast sitting on thy mother's knees;
Upon thy locks of snow
They fall as brightly as they fell of old
When golden sunshine played with rings of gold
Around thine infant brow.

Look up, lone wand'rer on a foreign shore,
Roaming among thy native hills no more;
Lift up thy weary eyes,
And though strange deserts may behind thee be,
And though before thee rolls a broad, wild sea,
Gaze on thy native skies.

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Dost thou not know their clear and yellow light?
Oft have those rays burst through thy lattice bright,
And a glad beauty shed
Upon the vine whence odors sweet were flung,
Upon the robin that there often sung,
And on thy daughter's head.

Pale student, poring o'er the wondrous dreams
That haunted sages by the classic streams,
Look up, look up on high;
Those silver stars on Socrates once shone,
And yon fair moon beamed from her far-off throne
On Plato's soul-bright eye.

Gone is the glory of the Grecian state;
Minerva's shrine has long been desolate.
But, lofty and sublime,
Heaven's ancient pillars are not ivy-grown;
Its sapphire roof, lit up with star and sun,
Defies the rage of time.

Mourner, look up, through darkling mists that rise
From the deep, troubled fountains of thine eyes,
For heaven is still the same;
Not one glad ray has faded from the sun,
But still o'er mountain-tops, when night is done,
He throws an eye of flame.

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Christian, look up, through mingled doubts and
fears,
Through strong temptations and repenting tears;
Thy God remains the same.
Calm in the heaven of heavens He dwells secure,
And as Himself, His promises are sure
To all who love His name.

These lower heavens are but a type of Him,
The Light of Light, whose glory naught can dim;
And though they melt in flame,
Still, still look up, and let thine heart not fear
To see them all in darkness disappear,
For God remains the same.

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MY MARIGOLD.

"I seek not things below."

[The marigold was the flower device of Margaret of Valois, the sister of Francis I., a pure and noble woman who witnessed boldly for the truth in the midst of a gay and dissolute court. She selected this flower as an emblem because it always lifts its face upward to the sun, and her motto was, "I seek not things below." — *New York Observer.*]

MY marigold, thou common little flower,
I love thee most of all the floral train,
Though rival roses blossom in my bower,
And the proud fleur-de-lis its right maintain.

Like me, thou art a dweller on the earth;
Like thee, I would look upward into heaven,
For all below appears of little worth
When once a glimpse of brighter worlds is given.

How false the glory that the worldling sings!
Like hectic bloom, contagion in the breath;
Like crowns upon the brows of buried kings,
Like rouge upon the pallid cheek of death.

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My marigold, with all thy circling leaves,
Thou art an infant image of the sun;
His warmth and light thy transient life receives,
And e'en his hue of glory thou hast won.

So I, uplooking to a Sun more bright,
Would have His image stamped upon my breast;
My little life illumined with His light,
Made lovely, of His loveliness possessed.

Come then, my marigold, my chosen flower,
Amid the revels, where I needs must go,
Be present with me every passing hour,
Repeating still, "I seek not things below."

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RENÉE, DUCHESS OF FERRARA.

SUGGESTED BY HER PICTURE.

To beauty's envied dower she was not born,
"Love-darting eyes, and tresses like the morn,"
And smiles that oft heroic souls subdue;
But hers the heart made by religion pure,
And hers the spirit nobly to endure,
And hers the will, her Maker's will to do.

Her lot was high, — to guard in evil times,
When mad oppression stained the land with crimes,
The new-found gospel, to her soul most dear.
No crowd of courtiers gathered in her train,
With homage to her power, and flatt'ries vain,
But Christian exiles, whom she sought to cheer.

And though she felt her husband's hate and scorn,
And though her children from her arms were torn,
Not lone or desolate the path she trod;
Like her dear Lord, despising pain and loss,
She learned of Him to bear her cruel cross,
And thus her life was "hid with Christ in God."

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I turn and look again upon her face;
And now, in every lineament I trace
A charm to blooming beauty oft denied.
O'er such a charm stern time can have no power;
It grows and brightens with the passing hour, —
The noble, patient face is glorified.

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THE ILLUMINATION OF ST. PETER'S.

ON THE CORONATION OF THE VIRGIN.

ST. PETER'S blazed; wrought out of light it seemed
To the vast crowd assembled at its base,
Who wond'ring gazed on its magnificence.
The great illumined cross that far, far up
Upon its summit stood, made the arched sky
Look black as ebony. No star appeared.
The glorious worlds on high were all concealed
By this unwonted glare, — this homage paid
To one who claimed it not, — who would have said,
In tones of stern rebuke, "'T is sacrilege;
I am thy fellow-servant; worship God."
How didst thou image forth thyself, proud Rome,
By that base light which hid from mortal eyes
The pure, ethereal rays of Heaven's own stars!

God's truths, those constellations that illume
Man's sinful, suffering soul with light divine,

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Thou hast concealed by false and treach'rous lights,
By wretched fabrications of thine own.
Yet know thou this: the stars are only hid;
They still remain to shine another night,
Through all the cloudless heavens, with rays undimmed,
When thine illuminations are burned out.
Even so the gospel of the blessèd God,
Awhile despised, rejected, or disguised,
Shall still live on, no single truth destroyed.
To-morrow,
And the sun will shine again, —
Kiss all the mountains, brighten up the sky,
Gladden the vales with its effulgent beams.
Then shall the lights upon St. Peter's walls
Look pale, and smoulder on the morning air;
So men shall turn and seek the breezy hills,
To breathe the fragrance the Creator sends.
And thus, e'en thus, the Sun of Righteousness,
When that glad day shall come, so long foretold,
Will shew the world His glory and your shame.
How will your tapers pale before His light!
How will your babblings cease before His truth!
How will your spirit wither at His wrath!
Vain is your triple crown, your scarlet robe,
Your royal sceptre, and the jewelled cup

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From which you drink, with proud and impious
lips,
Our dear Redeemer's dying sacrament.
" Behold He cometh ! " and the day draws near,
With all the glory of His Father on,
To crush the bold usurper of His throne,
And fill the righteous with immortal joy.

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JENNY, THE PAUPER.

THERE goes poor Jenny through the driving storm.
A tattered mantle gathered round her form.
She seems to me
Like some stray leaf thrown out upon the tide,
To float no matter where, without a guide;
Then — cease to be.

Mis-shapen thing, so haggard, wan and wild, —
Who ever looked upon her face and smiled?
A pauper born;
No tender mother watched her infancy;
She never rested on a father's knee, —
A babe forlorn.

She ne'er was led, in childhood's pleasant ways,
To join with other children in their plays;
In childish glee
To fill her lap with daisies, fair and bright;
To chase the insect on its aimless flight,
With footstep free.

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Who ever saw her in the house of prayer,
In decent garb, with parted, shining hair?
Condemned to dwell
With those who passed in sin their Sabbath days,
She learned too early all the world's bad ways,
And learned them well.

And yet around her in the heaven's sweet light
Homes where love dwelleth, with its blessings bright,
In peace repose.
Ah, Jenny! why art thou a wretch forlorn,
While these to light and love and joy were born?
God only knows.

Poor Jenny! soon the grave will cover thee, —
A dreary grave; no flower or willow tree
Will guard thy sleep.
The darkness and the worm will gather round,
And none will pause above thy rest profound,
And none will weep.

Oh, why to me has so much joy been given?
Why is it that for me the breeze of Heaven
So kindly blows?

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Why was I nurtured with a mother's care?
Why have I listened to a father's prayer?
God only knows.

But one thing well I know, whate'er betide,
That for the pauper Jenny, Jesus died, —
For her and me;
And if to Him she lifts her longing eyes,
And if on Him she calls with earnest cries,
He'll hear and see.

So shall the pauper, in the grave so low,
Lay down forever all her sin and woe;
And when again
She wakens, to the life that will not end,
None but the Saviour, her Almighty Friend,
Will know her then.

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HIS FATHER IS A KING.

TAKE heed you treat him well, — forget it not;
Look not upon him with disdainful eyes;
For though just now he seems of lowly lot,
He is a prince, believe me, in disguise.

His title is secure, and cannot fail;
His realm is wide, and as a garden fair;
The sweetest odors float on every gale,
The brightest rivers flow and murmur there.

He does not seem of rank and wealth possessed;
A poor, unlettered man, he meets you now;
But soon a star will glitter on his breast,
A golden crown will rest upon his brow.

He often walks among you; treat him well,
This "heir apparent" in a beggar's guise,
Lest, looking up, you meet displeasure fell
Flashing upon you from his Father's eyes.

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What though his garb is often poor and mean!
He wears upon his hand a signet ring,
And goes attended by a guard unseen, —
Fit guard for one whose father is a king.

Oh, never let a look or thought of scorn
Rise as you pass him on his toilsome way!
But still bethink you of that glorious morn,
When, with the angels, and as fair as they,

By the great King of Kings with honor named,
Hearing the joyful "Welcome" and "Well done,"
He shall come forth, through the wide heavens proclaimed,
In royal robes, "bright shining as the sun."

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IS IT MORNING OR EVENING?

TWILIGHT, — which? 'T is evening twilight,
For his day is almost done;
Shadows lengthen, dews are falling,
Chilling winds are coming on.

No, it is the morning twilight;
'T is the dawning of a day;
Flowers are opening, voices call him,
"Rise, beloved, and come away."

Yet it must be evening twilight, —
He is weary and would rest;
All the day he has been toiling, —
Lay him on his mother's breast.

No, it is the morning twilight;
Speak no more of toil and woe;
He has done with damps and shadows,
And the sleep that mortals know.

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Yet it is the evening twilight,
For the skies are grown so dim,
And he walks with trembling footsteps, —
Surely, 't is not morn to him.

Yes, it is his morning twilight;
He begins his heavenly race;
Soon the angels will salute him,
God will meet him "face to face."

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THE REALM OF STARS.

NIGHT'S portal opens; and before us rise
No scenes made up of valley, mount, and sea,
But, grand and silent, all immensity
Is looking on us, with unnumbered eyes.

It is the realm of stars; how high they are!
And each in its own place shall reign and shine;
Though all the elements of earth combine,
They cannot blot one ray from one bright star.

The grave, too, opens, and before our eyes
Another realm of stars, serene and clear,—
Our great and good, who might not linger here,
But passed through death's dark portal to the skies.

There are they safe at last, so blest to be
Where earthly tumults cannot reach them more;
Where, though the floods below may rage and roar,
They cannot quench their immortality.

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EMILY.

A SENSE of loss, go where we will,
Is with us since our loved one died;
And in the glowing sunshine, still
The shadows on our souls abide, —
Dear Emily!

Most lovely name! — and is it so?
Must its remembrance bring but pain,
As seasons come, and seasons go,
And we can never call again,
"Dear Emily?"

I wonder if that name is heard
In those fair bowers we may not see;
If the pure air of heaven is stirred
With the sweet name of "Emily" —
Dear Emily.

I hope that, though more perfect grown,
Much as she was she yet may be;
I hope that there where she has gone
The angels call her "Emily, —
Dear Emily."

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And safe on Zion's holy hill,
Forever with the Lord to be,
I hope she oft remembers still
That she was once our Emily,—
Dear Emily.

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OFT HAVE I SEEN HER.

OFT have I seen her in her mother's arms,
The youngest of the flock, and most carest;
Oft have I seen her in her youthful charms,
A slender girl, with roses on her breast;
And then a wife, her husband's joy and pride;
And then, her gentle and maternal grace,
When her own children gathered at her side,
Contending sweetly for her loved embrace.
These scenes in one dear life to memory sweet
Are yet surpassed by those my dreams can paint,
When, in the life eternal, we may meet,
And I shall see her as a blessèd saint.

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"WHOM HAVE I IN HEAVEN BUT THEE?"

I ASK not for the streams, but for the fount;
I ask not for the river, but the sea;
When my feet stand on the eternal mount,
Whom shall I seek, O Lord, but only Thee?

With new surprise each day Thy hand I trace
In all Thy works, so varied, grand, and sweet.
Let me behold the mighty Master's face;
Oh, let me fall adoring at His feet!

The ocean's caverns, crags that pierce the sky,
Majestic trees, the human form erect,
The worlds on worlds that round about us lie, —
Oh, let me look upon their Architect!

The prophets and apostles, — I have read
Their words, more precious far than pearl or gold;
But when the holy city I shall tread,
Their great Inspirer I would there behold.

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The Testaments will both be folded up
When the divine Testator shall appear;
We shall not need the sacramental cup
When our beloved Lord Himself is near.

In all the devious paths that I have trod
A Guide invisible has led the way;
And when I reach the city of my God,
And this great Friend shall cast His veil away, —

This Friend who has been all in all to me,
Safe leading me through forests lone and dim,
Midst clouds and darkness, where I could not see, —
Can any other sight compare with Him?

A soul redeemed! I was the slave of sin;
To ransom me the Prince of Life has died;
And when the golden portals take me in,
Shall I not press through throngs to reach His side,

Through squadrons of bright angels and sweet saints,
Yea, past the dear home faces pined for long,
To meet the Lord for whom my spirit faints,
And pour into His ear a grateful song, —

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Unmindful of the crowns and harps of gold,
All sights and sounds that there in glory meet,
My soul's Redeemer only to behold,
And prostrate, kiss the nail-prints on His feet?

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DEACON JACOB'S DREAM.

UPON his couch the old man lay
  In calm and quiet sleep;
Unheeded flew the hours away,
  His slumbers were so deep.

Those scattered locks of silver hair
  Soft on his brow reposed;
That brow had lost its look of care,
  His sightless eyes were closed.

At length, as morn began to break,
  Joy beamed upon his soul;
For on his sleep, that soon should wake,
  A dream of beauty stole.

In his arm-chair he seemed to sit,
  The Bible on his knee,
When all at once the light shone out,
  And he again could see.

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Light streaked the east, then filled the skies,
  Each moment yet more bright,
Till earth and sea broke on his eyes
  All liveried in light.

His soul with rapture overflowed
  That golden hue to greet;
He clasped the Holy Book of God,
  And cried, "The light is sweet."

Then turned he to the sacred page
  And sought those words to find,
When, waking with the sudden joy,
  He once again was blind.

The sun lit up the mount and vale,
  Sparkled on roof and tree;
Yea, shone upon his forehead pale,
  But, oh, he could not see!

Yet mourned he not the vanished ray
  That made that vision bright,
For well he knew eternal day
  Was almost in his sight,—

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The bowers by living waters grown,
The fields by angels trod,
The crowns, the harps, "the great white throne,"
Bathed in the light of God.

'T is long ago that thus he dreamed,
Long since his heart was stilled,
Full long since heaven upon him beamed,
And so his dream fulfilled.

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WHITE ROSES.

THEY were not chiselled by the sculptor's hand
From the dead marble; no, they live and breathe,
Not stamped with genius, but divinity.
Their every charm proclaims their origin, —
The form, the hue, the texture, the sweet breath,
The gentle grace when swayed by the light breeze,
The ranks of green-clad leaves that round them close;
Even the stem, brist'ling with all its thorns,
Like sword half hidden under royal robes,
Seems made, by Him who nothing makes in vain,
To guard the garden's lovely maiden queen.
White roses, —
How I welcomed their return
Among the flowers of June in childhood's days!
They clustered round the windows of my home;
They pressed upon the doorsteps, sure of friends;
The humming-birds lit on them, and the bees;
Ringlets of gold, young eyes, above them bent.
They were our mother's darlings; how the lines
About her brow and lips were smoothed away

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As she beheld their beauty! What bright smiles,
Born of the brighter soul, broke o'er her face!
Smiles ne'er to perish, roses ne'er to fade,
'Till love loves not, and memory forgets.
The gossip History —
That ancient crone —
Tells of "the Wars of Roses;" strange the tale,
How warriors grim, with roses in their crests,
Fought for their lieges, York and Lancaster,
Till fields were piled and purpled with the slain.
Haply the red rose blushed a deeper red,
And the white rose grew paler at the sight;
Yet from the smoke of battle forth they came,
Like Christ from his encounter with the fiend,
Unsullied, unobscured.
Each year renewed
By Him who made them when our earth was young,
The roses whisper of immortal youth.
The dear white roses,
Sweet evangelists,
Celestial guests, repeating year by year
That sacred promise to the pure in heart!
So when my friends asleep in Jesus fall,
And the green turf is spread above their graves,
I love to plant by each memorial stone
White roses at the head and at the foot.

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BLUE SAPPHIRES.

In a far island washed by tropic seas,
Where every breeze is filled with spicery;
Where orchids hang from interwoven boughs,
And the great elephant, with ponderous hoof,
Tramples unheeding over gorgeous flowers;
Where mountain peaks aspiring greet the stars,
And cooling streams into the valleys flow, —
Among its stones are the blue sapphires found,
Beautiful sapphires, treasures that endure,
Which frost, nor heat, nor blight can e'er despoil,
Nor ages their inherent lustre dim.
There are blue flowers with just as deep a hue, —
The periwinkles and forget-me-nots,
The flags that skirt the brooks, the violets,
Blue morning-glories o'er low windows grown,
Bluebells and larkspurs, laden as they bloom
With memories of summers long gone by, —
But these, if plucked, will wither in an hour;
There are blue eyes whose beauty time will fade,
And death, relentless death, forever seal;

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But the blue sapphires may be lovely still,
When the round world itself is rolled away.
Beautiful sapphires!
First of sacred stones;
Reminders, by the heavenly hue they bear,
Of climes celestial where no sin intrudes,
And of those primal days of innocence
When our first parents lived, and walked with God.
So it was meet that, after that sad fall
Which darkened all the earth and brought in death,
Aaron the priest, commissioned from the skies
To make atonement for his nation's sins
(The prototype of Him who was to come),
Should pass within the veil in robes of blue,—
Most holy garments, made by God's command,
For glory and for beauty wonderful;
Studded with gems as the blue heavens with stars.
Nor from the breastplate upon Aaron's heart
Was the blue sapphire wanting; there it shone,
Between the emerald and diamond,
Amid those other chosen precious stones,
In mute appeal to the Eternal One.
O gems divinely honored! Feet of God
Have trod the sapphire pavement; and His throne,

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When heaven was opened to the seer of old,
High o'er the holy ones, with lifted wings,
And o'er the awful crystal firmament,
Seemed to the eye that gazed a sapphire stone.
Blue sapphires!
Emblems of His love and truth
Who sways the sceptre of the universe!
And fair and full of cheer the promise made
To His own people in the wilderness, —
"Afflicted, tempest-tost, uncomforted,
With sapphires thy foundations shall be laid."
Blessed assurance!
Ne'er to be forgot
In all the "Holy Wars" the church must wage,
In all the griefs its members must endure,
From age to age, on to the end of time, —
God's love their joy, as quenchless as His life;
God's truth their strength, eternal as His throne.

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THE HAPPY MAN.

His soul was like a prism; rainbow hues,
Glowing and beautiful, were treasured there.
E'en when he wept, his tears, like evening dews
That drop on roses, in his eyes grew fair.

His soul was like the fabled Orphean lyre,
To whose sweet notes the rocks and trees replied.
His soul was like a cheerful household fire,
Diffusing warmth and light on every side.

His soul was like a fountain, — more than full
Of those sweet waters that restore decay.
His soul was like a star; no cloud could dull,
No rains put out its pure celestial ray.

And when he died, — e'en then, without alarm,
His dying eye closed, like the eye of even;
Singing, he leaned upon the Saviour's arm,
Then fell asleep, and woke to sing in heaven.

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TO A SISTER ON HER BIRTHDAY.

WHAT blossoms at thy feet will spring,
  What garlands rest upon thy brow,
What harmonies will round thee ring,
  When thou art twice as old as now?

Thine eyes will wear a deeper blue,
  And in thy worship glow and burn;
And to thy cheek the rosy hue
  Of youth and love will all return.

And Patience will have said, "Farewell;"
  And Joy, with fadeless-crownèd brow,
In mansions fair with thee will dwell,
  When thou art twice as old as now.

Dost thou remember how of old
  We in the dear New England home
Counted the seasons as they rolled,
  Till summer came, and thou wouldst come?

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Dost thou remember — canst forget —
  Those greetings at the open door,
When father, mother, children, met,
  And clasped each other o'er and o'er?

E'en thus, though happier far than then,
  With Heaven's own gladness on each brow,
We may have met for aye again,
  When thou art twice as old as now.

We may have met, no more to part;
  And, oh, thy long lost son and thou
May clasp each other heart to heart,
  When thou art twice as old as now!

O home where sorrow has no place!
  O life where fear of death is o'er!
When gazing on the Saviour's face,
  The Christian can desire no more.

Dear sister, let the years roll on,
  And leave their trace on heart and brow;
Eternity will have begun
  When thou art twice as old as now.

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THE WHITE HEADSTONE.

THERE is a little spot of earth,
Now far away from me,
That, wheresoe'er my steps may turn,
I ever seem to see.

It is a low and grassy mound,
A white stone at its head,
And she who sleeps beneath has long
Been numbered with the dead.

And since, I 've roamed where torrents roar,
By rivers broad and free ;
I 've stood upon the sandy shore,
And looked far out to sea.

I 've wandered o'er the prairies fair,
And by the lake's green side,
And mingling with the city's throng,
Have watched " the living tide."

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But still where'er I turn my eyes,
On stream or foaming sea,
Where prairies bloom or mountains rise,
One spot returns to me.

Then, dimmed the beauty all around,
Alone, I seem to tread
Beside that low and grassy mound,
The white stone at its head.

Dost ask me why that lowly grave
In every scene I see?
Oh, marvel not! the heart that there
Lies hushed, once beat for me.

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FAREWELL TO A SABBATH DAY.

FAREWELL, sweet Sabbath of the Lord, farewell!
Thy sun's last rays are shed on mount and dell,
And only in the west
Thy royal purple mantle may be seen,
While stars gleam out, its flutt'ring folds between.
Farewell, bright day of rest!

To-morrow earthly things will crowd once more;
Thine hours of peace, thine hours of prayer are o'er.
The conflict and the strife,
The joys that tempt, the griefs so hard to bear,
The rush of business and the weight of care
Must come to darken life.

How like a fountain in the wilderness
To sinful man is such a day as this!
Or, like the Sabbath's God,
The shadow of a rock in weary lands,
A refuge from the storms and burning sands,
An ark above the flood.

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Farewell, sweet Sabbath of the Lord, farewell!
The stars are shining now on mount and dell;
Thy dawning, to my eyes,
Seemed full of glory, like an angel's wings,
When, bending low before our God, he sings
The songs of Paradise.

Farewell once more! Accept my lowly lay
E'en now, while passing from the world away,
With all thy heavenly train;
And let the joy that from thy presence flows
Stay with me till another week shall close,
And thou return again.

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VICTORIA REGIA.

BEAUTIFUL exile! darling of the sun!
Thou com'st, a captive, to our colder clime,
Chained to the chariot wheels of Science proud,
As once Zenobia to Aurelian's car.
Time was when, rocked upon a tropic lake,
In a green cradle edged with tints of rose,
And fanned by breezes fragrant as thy breath,
All nature was in harmony with thee; *
Majestic palms kept guard around thy bed,
Their trunks entwined with gorgeous parasites,
And birds and insects of all brilliant hues
Soared upward, singing through the fervent air,
Or dipped in the cool water at thy side.
Thou wast
Imperial princess of the flood,
And fishes, toads, and snails, all meaner things,
In thy sweet presence glittered like the light.
The Indian maidens of the Amazons
Delighted in thy beauty wonderful,

* See "A Journey in Brazil," Agassiz.

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And the señoras of another race
Less listless seemed when gazing on thy charms.
And thus thou wast till, in a light canoe,
The stranger burst on thy sequestered bower,
And bore thee, shrinking, to this far-off land.
O royal captive,
In our alien clime
Estranged from scenes of which thou wast a part!
Fair, isolated lily, here thou seem'st
Like some dear saint, abiding on the earth,
While yet belonging to another sphere;
And as thy presence with us is a hint
Of all the harmonies and all the blooms
That make the Amazons so strangely bright,
E'en thus the saint, an exile from his home,
Gives us sweet hints of that celestial clime
Where to His own "the glorious Lord" will be
A place of broadest rivers, living streams.*

* Isaiah xxxiii. 21.

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THE NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS.

THAT rare, ethereal flower I saw last night,
Which never blossoms till the sun is gone,
And like a spirit, shrinking from the light,
Folds up its petals ere the morning dawn, —
Night-blooming Cereus, beautiful and white,
In its brief hour what else befell last night?

Last night a child was born; his clear blue eyes
Were opened to a life that will not end.
In depths of woe, or joys above the skies,
A long eternity the child will spend.
But yester-morn he had not seen the light;
A soul immortal he awoke last night.

Last night an old man died; his silver hair,
That was a cloud of glory on his brow,
Will float no more upon the summer air.
His day is past, his lips are silent now,
And months and years will come and take their flight;
He will not come again; he died last night.

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Last night a bride was to the altar led,
Lovely as morning when the sun appears;
Last night a mother bent above her dead,
And bathed the icy brow with burning tears;
Meanwhile the moon and stars shone clear and bright,
And yon unruffled lake slept in their light.

Last night a field was won, and all the air
Was rent with shouts of joy and victory;
Last night a ship went down, and wild despair
Sent cries of anguish o'er the troubled sea;
Last night some ransomed souls went up to heaven;
Last night how many perished, unforgiven!

So goes the world; so every little hour
Is freighted with its weight of joy and woe;
And life at longest is "a fading flower,"
As an inspired one told us long ago.
Yet there are hopes that spring from gloom and blight,
As there are flowers that open in the night.

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IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

AN AUTUMN LEAF.

A FADING leaf, no more; of little worth!
The crimson flush of autumn o'er it spread,
Ungathered, it had fallen to the earth,
And soon been mingled with the dust we tread.

A single leaf, no more; yet by and by
It will recall these green and azure hills,
These domes and towers that rise to meet the sky,
These dark ravines with their low murm'ring rills,

These worshippers of nature that we find
Beside the streams and up the mountain's height,
In narrow paths that through the woodlands wind,
Where friendly shadows meet, and kiss the light.

In gloomy hours it will recall to me
These gentle lovers of the grand and fair, —
How they went forth at morn so joyously,
And came at eve with garlands in their hair.

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A single leaf; yet on its crimson page
When I in after years may chance to look,
So much it will my heart and mind engage,
That this one leaf shall seem to me a book, —

A book illustrated with pictures rare,
With landscapes, portraits, mosses, ferns, and flowers;
And many thoughts will be recorded there
That might have perished with the golden hours.

Memorial leaf! if ere my soul again
Should bleed and languish in an earthly strife,
Perhaps it will have power to soothe the pain, —
A healing leaf, as from the tree of life.

Only a leaf? only a crimson leaf?
And saith it nothing more, my soul, to thee?
Nothing of Him who bore thy sin and grief
In His own body, on the fateful tree?

O tree all crimsoned o'er, from branch to root,
With dying glories of creation's King!
O tree full laden with divinest fruit,
Which, but to taste, eternal life will bring!

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"THE LAST ROSE."

WHAT if it were the last? If nevermore
In pleasant garden walks or ladies' bowers,
Beside the brook or at the cottage door,
I should behold this loveliest of flowers, —

The wild rose, creeping over bluffs of sand,
Or lighting up the dimness of the wood;
The gorgeous rose, clasped in a gentle hand;
The sweet white rose, by morn and eve bedewed, —

How I should miss them in the sunny days,
How search for them in every green retreat,
Follow the honey-bee her pathless ways
From flower to flower, hoping the rose to meet!

How I should miss them at the festival,
From Beauty's flowing robes and shining hair;
How I should miss their fragrance in the gale;
How meet the summer, and the rose not there!

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How would the nightingale on drooping wing,
A mournful lover, pass from grove to grove,
And finding not his rose, lamenting sing,
Through the long night, a song of hopeless love!

And England, what of thee, without the rose?
What other flower-device so sweet to thee?
Thy haughty breast this fairest flower that grows
Has worn so long, — and must it withered be?

Must the rose perish? No; 't is but a dream,
The foolish dream of an unquiet sleep.
Light darts upon my eyelids one clear beam;
I wake to smile, when I had thought to weep.

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TO K——A.

PRESSED FLOWERS FROM ITALY.

A STRANGER lately sent these flowers to me
From Dante's country, o'er the rocking sea.
Though faded, take them, as the gift of one
Who loves, like thee, the land of song and sun;
And should'st thou ever, in some golden hours,
By Tiber or by Arno gather flowers,
Should it be thine to see fair Italy,
Know that one kindred heart is there with thee.

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OUR AMARYLLIS IN FEBRUARY.

FOUR lilies on a single stem,
In gloomy wintry weather;
A breath of summer comes with them,
All clustering together.

Each crimson flower the light receives
In lowly beauty bending,
And darkly green the slender leaves
Around their feet attending.

And visions of returning spring
Among the lilies hover,
The bright-hued birds on joyous wing,
The grasses and the clover.

As captives with a throb awake,
To freedom's call replying,
Ten thousand flowers from bondage break,
With all their colors flying.

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Like children crowding on the green,
When weary tasks are ended,
The yellow buttercups are seen,
In countless troops extended.

But soft! — my lilies all have flown,
While thus I have been dreaming;
Go they to grace the gay saloon
Where merry eyes are gleaming?

Oh, no! the friend that reared them up
To stateliness and beauty,
That guarded every crimson cup
As a delightful duty, —

This friend, so oft dispelling gloom,
With eager feet is hasting
To bear them to the darkened room
Where a young life is wasting;

Where one we love, a gentle saint,
Is suffering and repining,
Like her dear Lord with grief acquaint,
Yet in His arms reclining.

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Dear lilies, that in silence sing,
Renowned in sacred story,
Tell her of everlasting spring,
The garlands and the glory.

CLIFTON SPRINGS, N.Y.

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THE MESSENGER FLOWER.

A PRAIRIE flower, as wild and blue
As when in the tall grass it grew
  Where first its sweets were flung;
Where first the light its leaves caressed,
And Western breezes round it pressed,
  And dews upon it hung.

It looked upon the sire of streams,
The fitful shadows, gay sunbeams,
  That o'er its waters rose;
While far behind, in fair array,
Nature kept one long holiday
  Of undisturbed repose.*

Then wherefore learned the flower to roam,
And in this distant Eastern home
  Lift up its loving eye?
Why leave the spot where first it smiled?
From kindred blossoms why beguiled?
  My heart, thou mak'st reply:

* 1845.

Digitized by Google

To bring joy to this home of ours,
To tell of our transplanted flowers,
  The sisters that are gone;
To say they are not drooping there,
Among the prairies broad and fair,
  But still are blooming on.

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FOUND, A PANSY.

There is pansies, that 's for thoughts. — HAMLET.
I know the thoughts that I think toward you. — JER. xxix. 11.

A DOUBLE pansy, white and rare,
  Upon the walk I see;
Some careless hand has dropped it there,
  Not knowing 't was for me.

Sweet thing! I raise it rev'rently,
  This flower divinely wrought,
And softly murmur, with a sigh,
  "A pansy; that 's a thought."

A thought — I hope a thought of love,
  Tender, and true, and sweet —
This pansy, like a carrier-dove,
  Has left here at my feet.

And if a thought of love indeed,
  Who is it thinks of me?
Some youth, with quick, elastic tread,
  Or maiden, fair to see?

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The dear ones that I oft could soothe
In helpless infancy, —
Now, crowded with the joys of youth,
Have they a thought for me?

Some sister, of the blue-eyed train
That in the summers gone,
Which never will return again,
Played with me on the lawn?

A brother, in this evening hour,
That ends the reign of May, —
Is his thought lurking in the flower,
Of one so far away?

Is it a friend that thinks of me,
A friend of early days,
That in my dreams I often see,
In old familiar ways?

Or dare I think a thought of love
Is sent, this Sabbath even,
Dropped with the pansy from above,
By dear ones safe in heaven?

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Alas! have I forgot the Friend
  Who always thinks of me,
Whose angels all my steps attend,
  Wherever I may be?

Oh, nothing is for Him too small
  That cheers my troubled breast,
Who hears the ravens when they call,
  And guards the sparrow's nest!

Then doubtless He who made this flower
  With beauty so complete,
Made it for me, and for this hour,
  And dropped it at my feet.

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PROVIDENCE.

LOOK and listen, look and listen;
Thou the guiding hand shalt see,
And a voice, divinely tender,
Lovingly shall talk with thee.

Cling thou to that hand confiding,
Even as a little child;
They who trust the heavenly guiding
Safely pass through deserts wild.

Holding fast the hand so tender,
List'ning to the kindly voice,
Every fear thou may'st surrender,
And forevermore rejoice.

I could tell to thee a story
(Many such there might be told)
Of a man, now old and hoary,
Who, thus trusting, has grown old.

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Through the storms of many winters
That have gloomed above his head,
Through the colder storms of sorrow,
He in safety has been led.

Subject to the world's mutations,
Oft in darkness, oft in fear,
Oft in dangers and temptations,
Still the kindly voice was near,

Whisp'ring to him, "Be not fearful;
Thou shalt never go astray.
Let thy heart be brave and cheerful;
I will lead thee all the way."

What though foes would have bereft him
Of his honorable name,
Seeking on that brow so noble
To affix the brand of shame;

What though early friends departed
From his dim and straining eye,
And full often, weary-hearted,
Longed he far from earth to fly;

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What though want, her terrors wearing,
What though sickness crossed his way,
And the tempter, grown more daring,
Dogged his footsteps day by day!

Yet in safety passed he onward,
Passing toward "the better land,"
List'ning to the Voice so tender,
Holding fast the guiding Hand.

And the shadows lengthen round him,
Yet he passes onward still,
Heeding not the coming darkness,
Feeling not the evening chill.

Look and listen, look and listen;
Thou the guiding Hand shalt see,
And the Voice, divinely tender,
Lovingly shall talk with thee.

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HYMN

SUNG AT THE BI-CENTENNIAL, HADLEY, MASS., JUNE, 1859.

GOD of the hills that gird us round,
We praise Thee in a gladsome lay;
We bid Thy glorious name resound
From hill to hill this festal day.

God of this valley of our birth,
So lovely now, in summer's bloom,
With birds that warble forth their mirth,
With flowers that shed their soft perfume!

God of the river at our feet,
Half circling like a crescent moon;
God of the sky so warm and sweet,
All glowing with the light of June!

We praise Thee, Nature's king and God,
For all Thy works are greatly good;
But here, upon this sacred sod,
Here, where the pious Pilgrims stood, —

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Now, when upon this natal day
  Our thoughts go back two hundred years,
And we recall the weary way
  Our fathers came, their toils and tears, —

Now, thinking of that mighty Hand
  That led them safe through savage foes,
That fed the weak and trembling band,
  And ransomed them from all their woes, —

Now, on this day, this natal day,
  Across the ages let us bend,
With holy Pilgrims let us pray, —
  Our praises with their praises blend.

We praise Thee, God of providence,
  We praise Thee, God of truth and grace;
Our Refuge, and our sure Defence,
  We humbly bow before Thy face.

God of all time, we praise Thy name;
  And oh that we may worship Thee,
Thou who wast, shalt be, art the same,
  Through ages of eternity!

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DAVID BRAINERD.

At Martin's Creek, beside the Delaware,
Is shown the spot where Brainerd's cabin stood, —
Brainerd, who taught the wild men of the wood
The way of life, amid the shadows there.
How their dark faces brightened when he came!
How their hearts kindled to a sudden flame
When told of One who died, their sins to bear!
Sweet Delaware,
A pilgrim on thy shore
I wander, thinking all the story o'er
(Oft gazing pensive on the hill "No More"),*
And seem to hear again young Brainerd's prayer.
Blest dream, yet strange! so many years have flown
Since, 'mid the halleluiahs round the throne,
He cast his crown before the Holy One.

* The hill "No More" is said to be the place from whence the Indians took their last farewell of the lands east of the Delaware.

Digitized by Google

H. H. H. H.

ON HER RETURN TO ALLAHABAD, INDIA.

H. STANDS for *heart*, and hers has known the love
That is not native to our fallen race;
And so, as on the pinions of a dove,
She flies to bear God's messages of grace.

H. stands for *home*, and hers is sweet and blest;
What precious memories around it dwell!
But voices call her from the distant East:
"Return, O friend, thy tale of love to tell!"

H. stands for *happiness;* she will forego
The dear delights that made her childhood fair,
That Christ's great love the sorrowful may know,
And hope break through the night of their despair.

H. stands for *heaven;* how many she will guide
To that bright country where they know no even!
And then, her *heart* entirely satisfied,
She will have *home*, and *happiness*, and *heaven.*

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TO ONE OF THE CHORUS IN THE ORATORIO "CREATION." *

AMONG the names that the grand chorus made
In the late concert, sought I thine, dear child;
And straight by fancy was I so beguiled,
I saw thee in thy scarlet robe arrayed,
The perfume of carnations floated round,
And o'er the Delaware an echo clear
From one young voice approached my list'ning ear,
Though other voices mingled in the sound.
My dear one,
When the angel choirs rejoice
With all the blessèd gathered from our globe,
I hope to see the shimmer of thy robe,
I hope to hear the music of thy voice.
High hope! to hear thee join, with sweet accord,
The chorus of the stars, and sons of God.

* In memory of Mendelssohn Choral Union, Trenton, New Jersey.

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THE LADY OF THE BRIDGE.

ABOVE the turbid stream the drawbridge closed,
And instant o'er it passed from north to south,
From south again to north, opposing tides
Of fiery life.
How much a glance reveals!
The faces of the crowd each told its tale
Of sorrow or of joy; of hot pursuit;
Of pleasure, gayly sporting with the hours;
Of youth expectant, and of weary age;
Of health and strength; of service in the wars;
Of virtue, smiling in the face of day;
Of cowering, or still worse, defiant crime.
But while I marked the faces of the crowd,
It parted for a moment, and there rolled
A carriage drawn by black, light-stepping steeds.
Within the carriage sat a lady bright,
In glitt'ring robes and hat with roses crowned,
With clear, dark eyes, and on her smooth young cheek

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The faintest ruby tint, like early dawn.
One look,
And then she passed me like a dream;
Passed like my youth, its hope, its joy, its bloom;
But like my youth, remembered evermore.

CHICAGO.

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LAKE MAHOPAC.

'T IS not alone that it is smooth and fair,
That sunbeams, moonbeams, dance and sparkle there;
'T is not alone that in the twilight glow
All hues of beauty in its waters flow;
'T is not the trees that skirt its banks of green,
Nor the sweet isles the boatman glides between.

No, 't is not these alone, nor the pure air,
Nor the free birds that fly and warble there,
Nor the delicious breath of June's young flowers,
Nor the white clouds that toss their crystal showers,
Nor the blue dome that meets your upturned eyes;
No, 't is not these that make it paradise.

But, oh, the lovely groups that here you meet!
The youthful forms, the faces fair and sweet;
The boats that o'er the waters lightly glide,
In the soft splendor of the eventide;
Songs on the summer breeze, so clear that flow;
The interlude played by the waves below.

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Afar behind are left the cares of life,
The rush of business and the scenes of strife,
And here they come, in holiday attire,
To gaze on nature, and her charms admire;
To see the hills and waves, the morn and even,
And dream a little while that earth is heaven.

So seems it to the gazer, — one whose lot
Has been to view this throng, but enter not;
And if a voice will whisper to her heart
That even here earth's passions bear their part,
Be hushed the voice, and let *me* fondly dream
That they who haunt this lake are as they seem.

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CROSSING THE DELAWARE.*

It is not Washington who crosses now,
In military cloak and plumèd brow,
His trusty warriors gathered at his side,
Ready with him to stem the swelling tide;

Ready to follow him, with bleeding feet,
Where'er he leads, their country's foe to meet;
Ready with him to die, if need should be,
To give their land the boon of liberty.

It is not Washington who crosses now;
Only a woman, with untroubled brow.
She gazes up and down the rippling stream,
And on its rocky shores, as in a dream.

The scene is lovely! it is early spring;
The birds are coming back, she hears them sing.
She sees on either side the busy towns,
And yonder hill, that a fair college crowns.

* Written at Easton, Pa.

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And then the present vanishes from sight,
And now it is a dark and wintry night.
And now she sees, or thinks she sees, again
That open boat, all filled with armèd men;

She hears their oars dash on the swollen tide,
The broken ice that crackles at their side,
And it *is* Washington that crosses now,
In military cloak and plumèd brow.

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OUR COUNTRY.

JULY 4, 1776.

OUR country was a youthful matron then,
No threads of silver in her golden curls;
And all her thirteen daughters must have been,
Though quite audacious, bright and sparkling girls.

Loving they were, and wrought with willing hands,
That mother and her daughters fair to see;
But when the sound of battle filled their lands,
'T is strange what Amazons they came to be.

Around their mother pressed those maidens then,
Those maidens armed with battle-axe and bow;
Their arrows fell upon the foe like rain,
Their brawny arms dealt death with every blow.

And when the storm had ceased they sat them down
In peaceful-wise, their weapons laid aside,
And spun our flag, to bear their young renown
To after times, and o'er the waters wide.

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JULY 4, 1883.

The matron has grown older, more sedate;
She sits a queen among the nations now;
And for her thirteen daughters, *thirty-eight*
Stand ready with fresh laurels for her brow.

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PRUDENCE.

WHAT men sometimes call prudence is the *vice*
Of common spirits, meaning only this, —
Their own advantage, at whatever price;
Thoughts of the public weal they straight dismiss.
Not such the prudence of our Washington;
Not for himself, but for his country's good,
He labored on till his great work was done,
Consenting oft to be misunderstood.
Prudence in him was great. It served instead
Of well-drilled armies, ammunition, arms;
It quelled sedition, oft to victory led,
And kept him tranquil both in storms and calms.
William "the Silent," by like prudence, won
A name only less great than Washington.

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THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

HE comes again, — he hath been absent long;
To his dear native land he comes once more.
All green and sweet and flow'ring looks the shore,
And every tree is breaking forth in song.

He comes again; with toil he hath been worn;
His weary marches, watchings, all are past;
Now he hath gained his father's home at last;
His wand'ring feet have found the longed-for bourne.

He comes again; from war he hath release;
From trumpet-music and the cannon's roar,
From the wild death-shriek and the gushing gore,
The warrior comes to the sweet land of peace.

He comes again; he comes the young and brave.
Why press ye round him, friends, with looks of woe?
Sire, mother, why those tears that wet his brow?
He comes, he comes again, to find a *grave.*

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He comes again; lay him to quiet rest
'Mid summer's glory, in a fragrant bed,
And chant a psalm of peace as soft ye tread
Round the green turf that lies upon his breast.

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PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL.

By the colors half-mast high,
O'er the sea hung mournfully,
Know a prince hath died.

MRS. HEMANS.

YES, though the man we mourn was lowly born,
And a poor mother o'er his cradle bent,
Let all our flags, on this his funeral morn,
Tell all the winds he was of high descent.

"The Lord's anointed" was the man we mourn;
All princely virtues in his bosom dwelt;
His country ever on his heart was borne,
Until that royal heart no longer felt.

Come hither, ye who loved him; o'er his grave,
This morning, when the skies seem all too blue,
Scatter spring flowers o'er one so wise, so brave, —
O'er one who lived, and toiled, and died for you.

Come hither, freedmen; on his dear remains
Let tears fall fast, if liberty be sweet;
Then gather up your load of broken chains,
And lay them as a trophy at his feet.

Digitized by Google

Friends of all lands, he whom we mourn to-day
Bore in his kindly heart the human race;
Come near, then, ere the dust receive his clay,
And look with us upon the care-worn face.

Victorious flag, as upward through our tears
We gaze upon thee, all thy stars grow dim;
For well we know that days, and months, and years
Will fleet away, and bring us none like him, —

Like him, the man that all the good deplore;
The best in these last days to freedom given,
To bind her cruel wounds, her life restore,
And then to vanish from our sight to heaven.

Yes, lower the flag to-day on hill and plain,
On fort and arsenal and village home,
On all our ships that proudly sweep the main,
And on the Capitol's majestic dome.

Lower, lower the flag, and move with mournful tread,
You who erewhile with pæans hailed your chief;
With arms reversed, and bowed, uncovered head,
Come, give him now the tribute of your grief.

Digitized by Google

CHRYSANTHEMUMS FROM VIRGINIA.

BLOOMS of Virginia, growth of that fair State
Where such as Washington have lived and died,
Lovely chrysanthemums, abide with me.
Your stems shall drink pure water from my well;
Your petals shall be sprinkled by my hand;
You shall have sun and shadow, friendly smiles,
And ne'er a frown while you with me abide.
Ye mind me not alone of that great chief
Who was our country's father, and whose form
And calm, benignant face seem o'er us bent
Always in stormy, oft in cloudless days, —
But many more that were his great compeers
In that heroic age that made us free.
And as I look upon your fading charms,
The voice of Patrick Henry seems again
To sound its war-note in my startled ears.
Then Pocahontas, the sweet Indian maid;
The dread Powhatan, painted, plumed, and fierce;
And Captain Smith, the bold adventurer,
All seem portrayed in these Virginia flowers.

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And if some drops of fratricidal blood
Upon their drooping petals I behold,
Let tears, like summer showers, upon them fall,
Till every grievous stain is blotted out.

Digitized by Google

A NEW COIN.

FRESH from the mint, a pretty coin;
  Its shining and expressive face
In commendation all will join,
  As it begins its toilsome race.

The little coin is freedom's slave,
  It bears her impress on its back;
Where'er she leads, o'er land and wave,
  'T is bound to follow in her track.

And what a trav'ller it will be,
  Though often from the light forbid;
'T is very little it will see,
  Within a dingy pocket hid.

All sorts of people it will know,
  The great and small, the bad and good;
From hand to hand the coin will go,
  Its value always understood.

Digitized by Google

Genius may unacknowledged be,
And beauty some will underrate,
And merit, envy cannot see,
But money, all appreciate.

And though this coin grow old and foul,
Its lovers all will faithful prove;
Though dust-begrimed as pilgrim's cowl,
'T will always meet the glance of love.

Poor coin, for thee what dainty hands
Will grow unclean to angel's eye,
And hearts once soft like desert's sands,
Or bread in buried Pompeii!

And yet the coin we must not blame;
Its value will not change at all.
Where'er it goes 't will be the same,
And in whatever hands it fall;

In scenes of cursing and despair,
In deepest dens of infamy;
In homes where dwell the good and fair,
And in the church's treasury.

Digitized by Google

A paradox the coin will prove,
A blessèd thing, a thing accurst,
Who clasps it with the fondest love
Will be the one to use it worst.

But go, thou pretty little coin,
Looking so fresh and innocent;
Be sure some good thou wilt have done,
Before thy busy life is spent.

The common things we all must need,
Thou wilt provide, my fair and bright;
The food we eat, the books we read,
And e'en the pen with which we write.

Thou wilt provide the widow's loaf,
And clothes to keep the orphan warm;
And thou wilt find a shelt'ring roof
For the poor outcast, from the storm.

And thou wilt send the Word of God,
Salvation's herald, o'er the seas;
And plant upon a sin-stained sod
The trees of righteousness and peace.

Digitized by Google

Then go, good slave, with Freedom's brand,
Through crowded mart, and quiet dell;
Go east, go west, from hand to hand;
Perform thy mission, and farewell.

Digitized by Google

THE "HONORABLE" MISS SMITH.

HER father is not called a lord,
No nobles in her wake are found,
She never yet has been abroad,
Where titled people most abound.

Then wherefore thus this woman call,
This plain republican Miss Smith;
Such title claims she not at all;
Why decorate her name therewith?

Oh, why? because 't is fairly won;
Her honor is no phantom weak;
No queen but might be proud to own
This plain Miss Smith of whom we speak.

Miss Smith has clear and honest eyes,
As she had nothing to conceal;
Her voice, too, is without disguise,
Her fearless words her thought reveal.

Digitized by Google

Her step is free, her smile is sweet;
  Of thoughtful, yet of cheerful mood;
And some who pass her in the street
  Would say, "She is of gentle blood."

Miss Smith is kind, as she is wise;
  Is happy when her friends are so;
Can pity, and yet not despise,
  The disappointed in their woe.

No "squint suspicion" harbors she,
  No poison lurks beneath her lips,
She will not suffer jealousy
  Another's brightness to eclipse.

And so a laurel-wreath I twine
  Her noble brow to crown therewith,
And say again, my lady fine,
  She *is* "the Honorable Miss Smith."

Digitized by Google

TO THERESA.

ACKNOWLEDGING A BALL OF MILK-WEED DOWN MADE BY HER HANDS.

WHEN I see the fleecy ball
That adorns my chamber wall,
Soft and delicate and white,
Such a beauty to my sight,
Then the friend who made it me
In the pretty ball I see.

When this friend has gone away,
And I see it day by day, —
See the dainty, fleecy ball
Hanging from the chamber wall, —
All in her that all approve,
Patience, diligence, and love,

Painted on the ball will be
By the artist memory.
Dimpled fingers will be there,
Working o'er the fabric fair;
Earnest eyes upon it bent,
Full of tender sentiment.

Digitized by Google

I shall see her lowly seat,
In her quiet, loved retreat,
Close beside the window bright,
Still to catch the fading light;
All of her I shall recall
When I see the fleecy ball.

And wherever she may go,
I shall wish this friend may know
Not a passing merriment,
But a calm and full content;
I shall wish that she may prove
All that's best of life and love.

Digitized by Google

ANNA'S GIFTS.

SHE gives us words with heartfelt kindness fraught,
A bright "Good-morning" or a soft "Good-night;"
She gives us oft a fresh and sparkling thought,
And smiles as free and lovely as the light;

She gives us sympathy in times of grief;
In all our joys she cannot but rejoice;
While in our sicknesses it brings relief
Only to see her face and hear her voice.

A thousand graceful acts are called to mind
With every mention of our loved one's name;
Ingenious in the art of being kind,
Her deeds are varied, but their spring the same.

And well we know she were not what she is
Were she not more, — to us, to God, far more;
But she has access to the gates of bliss,
And asks for blessings from a boundless store.

Digitized by Google

At early dawn, at noon and "dewy eve,"
When tempests darken and in sunshine fair,
She goes believing that she shall receive,
She comes with richest gifts, the fruits of prayer.

What higher blessings thus along our way
She strews we know not, but may know at last,
When, waking to the light of endless day,
The mists and shadows of this earth are past.

Then we may know that we were oft preserved
From sin, from sorrow, and sometimes despair;
That days of peace and joy most undeserved
Were ours in answer to our Anna's prayer.

Digitized by Google

THIS AND THAT.

FOR A YOUNG LADY'S ALBUM.

SINCE this vain life is very brief,
While that above endures forever;
Since this poor life is full of grief,
While that hath joys that perish never;
Since this dark life is full of sin,
While in that realm beyond the stars
Naught that defiles can enter in,
No evil men, no cruel wars;
Since here the Saviour's lovely face
Is hidden from the Christian's sight,
While in that bright and blessèd place
He walks among the saints in light, —
Oh, live thou for that world of bliss,
While wand'ring through the shades of this!

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THE NINETEENTH BIRTHDAY.

I HEARD but now, among the trees,
A murmur like a summer breeze;
  And as it reached my ear,
I turned my eyes, and there, behold,
With outspread pinions, tipped with gold,
  Old Time himself drew near!

And by his side a maiden walked,
And with old Time the maiden talked
  Of all his journeys past;
"And how," she cried, "shall I to thee
Repay the gifts thou bringest me,
  Each fairer than the last?

"To me thy blossoms thou hast given,
To me the brightest rays of heaven;
  No clouds obscure my way.
While present joys my steps attend,
The future, like a blooming friend,
  Comes on in fair array.

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"I owe thee, Time, full nineteen years
Of days and nights undimmed by tears.
Thou givest peace to me;
Upon my soul thou pourest light;
Within my heart there is no blight;
What shall I pay to thee?"

Then on the maiden's brow so fair
Time looked, but left no wrinkle there;
Only a shadow brought
From that low, hushed, secluded dell
Where all the wise ones love to dwell,
In the calm land of thought.

"And go," he cried, "my gifts repay
By guarding each succeeding day
From folly and from sin.
Go, and in holy deeds of love
Move on the earth as from above,
Till heaven shall take thee in."

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THE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY.

TO MISS HARROD, OF NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

If in that hour succeeding pains and fears
An angel to your mother's ear had bent,
And whispered, "From the Prince of Life I'm sent,
To say, 'This child shall live a hundred years.

"'She shall have health and vigor; fell Disease,
With all his ghastly train, shall harm her not;
And to her mind no shadow of a spot
Shall cloud its brightness or disturb its peace.

"'She shall be worthy of her destiny,
A hundred years a blessing to her race;
And all who mark her kind and noble face
Will say, "A faithful friend is drawing nigh."

"'Only with evil will she be at strife;
Christ the Redeemer, coming from above,
Christ the Exemplar, full of deeds of love,
The Alpha and Omega of her life.'"

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Dear friend, *had* promises so full been given
By angel guest, the hour that gave you birth,
Your mother's heart, replete with sacred mirth,
Had poured forth praises to the King of heaven.

And they who greet you now with garlands gay,
And clasp your hands, and find no place for tears,
As looking backward on your hundred years,
Might say, "Each promise is fulfilled to-day."

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IN AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE OF MRS. JANE C. HOGE.

DIED IN CHICAGO, 1890.

WHILE autumn leaves above her head
Are falling thick and fast,
Around her new-made grave we tread,
And think of all the past, —
Think that this world was made more sweet
By her who sleeps beneath our feet;

Think of the home she blest erewhile,
The cheerful household band;
Think of her bright and cordial smile,
The pressure of her hand;
Think what it was to be her guest,
How full of gladness or of rest;

Think of her watchful tenderness
When our beloved lay low,
When the dear eyes grew lustreless,
And cold the fair young brow;
Think of the loving words she said
When we were weeping o'er our dead.

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Yes, noble friend, so strong, so kind,
We find the vanished years
With memories of thee entwined,
Their smiles as well as tears;
As ivy over ruins grown
Gives beauty to the crumbling stone.

Brave friend! in war's stern hour of dread
Thy labors manifold
Beside the dying and the dead
Not yet have half been told;
Nor can be, till from fields of strife
The dead are summoned back to life.

But yet I think above her grave
The soldiers' children weep
For her who to their fathers gave
A love that could not sleep;
That soothed them with a mother's care,
And calmed their dying hours with prayer.

Thoughts crowd upon me, as I stand
In vision by her grave,
Of wretched ones in every land
That she has lived to save.
Great was the end for which she strove;
Large as the world her heart of love.

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Farewell, farewell! let autumn leaves
And early flowers grow bright;
Let ripened fruit and golden sheaves
Still kindle in the light,
As year by year fond memory
Restores some grateful thought of thee.

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IN MEMORY OF CHARLOTTE,

DAUGHTER OF THE REV. JEREMIAH PORTER, WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.

A CHILD in form, almost a child in years,
I seem to see her now, though she is not.
The rich brown ringlets o'er her shoulders fall;
The dark and thoughtful eyes are lifted up, —
Lifted a moment from the page she loves;
The small, thin hand still grasps the volume fair,
And the slight form bends toward it lovingly,
As bends a flower unconscious toward the light.
Alas! as tender blossoms wither oft
Beneath too bright a ray, e'en thus this child,
Before the page of knowledge all too bright,
Drooped like a lily, — like a lily died.
And yet, strange paradox,
She is not dead;
Only the soul has burst its cerements.
The fragile form, this earthly atmosphere,
These rills of truth, the range of human thought, —
These only she has left. What has she found?

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The Source of knowledge our beloved has found;
Knowledge exhaustless, blent with boundless love;
Knowledge that hurts not; love how pitiful!
And bathing in that pure immortal flood
She cries, "Eureka! all my famished soul
Hungered and thirsted for on earth is *Here*."

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THE HIDDEN TREASURES.

THEY were so fair, just out of heaven they seemed.
Their smooth, untarnished brows, and locks of gold;
Their azure eyes that every morning gleamed
With a new lustre, lovely to behold;

Their fairy little forms, their rushing feet,
Their joyful welcome at the open door,
Their rapid gestures and their voices sweet,
Their minds so full of childhood's treasured lore;

Their curious questions, and their earnest eyes,
When list'ning to some tale that pleased them well;
Their looks of joy, compassion, or surprise, —
These now and ever in my memory dwell, —

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Their thoughts of God, their perfect faith in Him
When dangers threatened or when sickness came;
Their voices in the prayer or evening hymn;
Their rev'rent mention of the Saviour's name.

Now all is past; we miss them day by day;
Among our voices theirs are never heard;
For those bright forms, with flowers, are laid away,
In precious caskets, treasured for the Lord.

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WAITING AT THE GATE.

It was a summer morning, long ago,
When two of my own kindred left their child
To be my guest till eve.
I loved the boy;
For none could see his face and love him not.
His lofty, blue-veined brow the golden locks
Encircled like a crown; and from his eyes, —
Blue as the heaven of that midsummer day, —
Shone out a soul like the belovèd John's,
As he were born to some high destiny.
The roses were in bloom,
The grass was green,
And from the vine-crowned porch we two went forth,
The child and I, to pass the day abroad;
To wander unconstrained beneath the trees;
To roam the garden, visit all the flowers,
Peep into bird's-nests, chase the butterflies;
Or, wearied, to lie down upon the grass
And watch the sunshine through the maple boughs.
And thus the happy day had almost passed

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When, lying there in pleasant revery,
The boy was for a little while forgot;
Waking to consciousness, I found him gone.
In anxious haste I rose, and roaming round
Among the shrubs and trees that most he loved,
At length I found my charge beside the gate.
Yes, there he lay,
Waiting, I knew for whom, —
His father and his mother, best beloved.
The sun declining shed its warm, bright rays
Full on his angel face and golden hair;
And there he lay, and stirred not, till at last
Across the village green their shadows fell,
Which quite restored his sunshine.
Up he sprang,
And with a shout of gladness welcomed them.

I said 't was long ago; and years have passed
Since the dear eyes that were so lustrous then
Were quenched in night.
There is a little grave
Where he and one sweet sister, side by side,
Near the great ocean "with its swells and falls,"
Sleep on, nor waken to each other's kiss.
And other children fill their parents' home, —
Their home no more.

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But in my dreams of heaven
Full oft I see the child so much beloved
Waiting beside "the ever-during gate."
No light of sun or star falls on him there,
But the divine effulgence.
There he lies,
In gleam of jasper, amethyst, and pearl,
As lovely as the seraph nearest Christ, —
As lovely, and as lowly, and as pure, —
With sweet, celestial music in his ears,
Waiting till death, which severed, shall restore.
We talk of happiness beneath the sun,
When the long parted clasp each other's hands,
And sit together by their household fire;
But who shall speak or dream of ecstasy
Save those who meet inside the gates of pearl,
Where sin defiles and tears are shed no more?

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THE MIRACLES OF DEATH.

THE fear of death, — how oft my soul had striven
With that one fear, when life was all around,
When bloom and music filled the air of heaven,
And health and plenty made my pulses bound.

The fear of death, — how oft the gloomy night
Beheld my heart's wild terror and despair;
What if some dear one, with the morning light,
Should seek my couch, and find that death was there?

And then the thought of that low, narrow bed,
The strange, dark home where I must lie so lone!
There came at last, to chase such terrors dread,
A wondrous vision from the land unknown.

Death stood before me like a friend and guide,
A peaceful envoy from the courts above;
A troop of angels gathered at his side,
With bright, expectant glances, full of love.

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"They that receive my Lord," he gently said,
"A trusty messenger in me receive;
That thou may'st know how blest the pious dead,
Behold what now I shew thee, and believe!"

Then while I looked an old man, pale and sad,
Came tottering by, with weight of years o'erborne;
He smiled on Death, as if his heart was glad,
And in a moment the old man was gone.

But beautiful and young before my eyes,
With all the rapture that an angel knows,
Singing new songs with joy and sweet surprise,
A form immortal from his dust arose.

I looked again, and lo! an orphan maid,
Lonely, heartbroken, friendless, met my sight.
Gently the hand of Death was on her laid;
She sank "like wreath of snow," so still, so white.

But from that angel band, with joyous cry,
One sprang to meet her, as with radiant face
She rose, heaven's gladness beaming in her eye,
And sank into her mother's soft embrace.

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And then a maniac came; with frantic stare
He gazed on Death, and Death gazed back on him;
One moment, and the wretch was lying there
On the low ground, all ghastly, cold, and grim.

But mild, serene, and clear the spirit rose;
The light of reason, as the light of day,
Dawned on him, with its Sabbath-like repose;
His night had passed, the clouds were chased away.

And then came one with passions fierce and strong;
His life a battle with himself had been;
With great temptations he had struggled long,
And grief, remorse, and shame, full oft had seen.

But now the hand of Death was on him laid;
The eyelids closed, the fiery life was gone;
Yet still with rigid hand he grasped his blade,
And died a warrior, with his armor on.

Peace! peace! he rose again with songs of peace
Upon his lips, and peace within his soul, —
Thrice blessèd songs, that nevermore should cease,
But clearer, sweeter, through the ages roll.

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Still, still I looked; and lo! the dumb could sing,
The deaf could hear, the blind received their sight,
The cripple rose upon a seraph's wing,
The beggar in a robe inwrought with light.

I woke at length, just as the squadron bright
That followed Death encircled the redeemed;
Just as a cloud received them from my sight,
Up to that heaven of which I oft had dreamed.

I woke; but darkened now was earthly bliss,
And when I saw a Christian laid to sleep
From all the turmoil of a life like this,
My heart rejoiced, my eyes refused to weep.

For backward to my thought that vision came, —
Those ransomed spirits, young, and pure, and blest;
Their angel guard, the chariot-cloud of flame,
And one short glimpse of their eternal rest.

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THE DROUGHT.

THE earth was parched with drought; the glossy leaves,
Shrunken and drooping and imbrowned with dust,
Abhorred the deadly sunshine as a foe.
Yellow and crisp the turf, and all the flowers
Bloomed with faint fragrance, for their cups were dry.
The rills forsook their beds, and broader streams,
Shrinking from their green banks, passed slowly on
Like blood half stagnant in a sick man's veins.
The very air seemed gross and earthly now,
Its pure, bright essence was so mixed with dust;
And heaven itself, half-hidden from our sight, —
No longer rosy in the early dawn,
At noon resplendent, soft at close of day, —
Hung "like a wall of brass" above our heads.
Then called we upon God:
"Oh, give us rain!"
And swift-winged clouds bore back our God's reply.

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Then came the sound of rain, each drop how sweet!
Joyful I listen, as upon the roof,
Among the trees, on the low grass it falls,
A benediction from Almighty Hands.
And all things are forgotten, — party strife,
" Th' oppressor's wrong," the road to wealth and power,
Business and love and pleasure, all forgot.
Parents and children, rich and poor alike,
Call to each other in exultant tones,
" Behold, it rains! it rains! "
And some there are
Who add, with thankful hearts, " The Lord is good."

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THE AWAKENING.

CHRIST came not in the sweet spring-time,
When, like a child that long has slept,
Nature awakened with a smile,
And rosy from her cradle crept.

He came on no such joyous day
To save a sinful, fallen race;
The earth was gloomy, cold, and gray,
When He revealed his blessèd face.

Unfitting, surely, flowers had been,
And all unnoticed by His eyes,
When, as a man to rescue men,
He hastened out of Paradise.

Yet who shall say that year by year
He comes not to us, though unseen,
When first the early birds appear,
When first the tender grass is green?

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What sound through grove and forest flows,
That sap forsakes its wintry bed,
And upward streams through trunk and boughs?
The potent voice that woke the dead.

What touch is on the vales and hills,
That leaves unfold and flowers expand,
And nature's heart so throbs and thrills?
The touch that healed the withered hand.

Yes, Christ is here; this very hour
He visits these abodes of sin.
His step is at the outer door;
O King of Glory, enter in.

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LOVE.

As Mercy once in pensive hour
  Bent o'er this world of pain and sin,
And thought of her own happy bower
  Where none but pure ones enter in,

She wept as only angels weep,
  Not for her own, but others' woe;
And, oh, how sweet such pity deep
  None but the blessèd angels know!

Then turning toward her home of light,
  Where peace and joy forever reign,
Its groves and mansions of delight
  Burst on her lovely eyes again.

She smiled, and sought the velvet bank
  Where life's pellucid river flows,
And there upon her knees she sank,
  And plucked the fairest flower that blows,

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The fairest blooming even there;
She laid it on her gentle breast,
And with swift pinions cleft the air
As one upon a mission blest.

Then to this world of storm and night
She bore the flower that bloomed above.
"Guard it," she said, "from cold and blight;
In heaven we angels call it 'love.'"

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EPITHALAMIUM.

THE love that gives to beauty half its bloom,
Deepens the azure of the clearest skies,
Takes from the shades of evening all their gloom,
Colors the waters with all rainbow dyes, —
May this be yours, and more!

The love that gives new harmony to sound,
To notes of choiring birds with joy replete,
To summer breezes in their mystic round,
To woods and waves and human voices sweet, —
May this be yours, and more!

The love that adds a fragrance to the flowers,
To oleanders, mignonette, and balm;
To the rich rose that blooms in Persian bowers;
To water-lilies shadowed by the palm, —
May this be yours, and more!

And the Eternal Love, who dwells in light,
Yet in our earthly pathway often treads;
Whose face divine makes even darkness bright,
Lift up His hands in blessing on your heads!
This, and we ask no more.

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AN EASTERN BRIDE.

A LILY, from the valley won
  At foot of hoary Lebanon, —
So sweet and pure she seems to me;
  Bridegroom, how seemeth she to thee?

A graceful fawn, whose clear, dark eyes
  Their lustre caught from Syrian skies, —
So light, so bright she seems to me;
  Bridegroom, how seemeth she to thee?

A maiden by an Eastern well,
  More fair than words of mine can tell, —
Like Jacob's love she seems to me;
  Bridegroom, how seemeth she to thee?

Methinks upon her youthful brow
  Some dews of Hermon linger now;
And mingling with her locks of jet
  Some shades from sacred Olivet.

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The gardens where her childhood roved,
The myrtle blossoms that she loved,
Pomegranates fresh from Zion's hill, —
Their odors hover round her still.

Young bridegroom from the distant West,
A stranger, though a wedding guest,
Prays Heaven to bless these gentle bands,
Where East and West are clasping hands.

A pledge and omen may they be
Of universal amity,
When songs from all the earth shall swell,
More merry than a marriage bell.

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A GOLDEN WEDDING IN OCTOBER.

(MR. AND MRS. H.)

THE summer greens have changed to paly gold,
A golden haze o'er earth and sky is spreading,
Great golden apples at our feet are rolled, —
What time more fitting for "a golden wedding?"

Suppose it right, of Fortune I would beg
The lovely golden fleece at Colchis hidden;
Or that fair fowl that laid a golden egg
Within her nest from day to day, unbidden.

Some fifty golden eggs! it would be sweet,
While our loved friends in loving tones are greeted,
To place them in a basket at their feet, —
A golden egg for every year completed.

But whether golden fleece or eggs of gold,
Or, more attainable, some golden fishes,
None so ungrateful, none with hearts so cold,
That come not here with many golden wishes.

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If all that ever gathered in this home,
Partaking of its pure and peaceful pleasures,
This happy day with gifts of love should come,
The house itself could not contain the treasures.

For fifty years with all their shine and shade,
With hospitality that wearied never,
A sweet retreat these friends their home have made,
So sweet, in memory 't will stand forever.

'T is said that flowers will fade, however fair;
But those that bloom around these sunny portals
Can never lose their sweetness in the air.
Whate'er their names, we call them all "immortals."

For their frail glories will associate be
With loving hearts and tender, thoughtful faces,
With rare devotion and fidelity;
More would I say? — with all the Christian graces.

Peace to these friends! In everlasting strength
May they abide secure, in joy or sorrow;
And when they sleep, — for all must sleep at length, —
May they awaken to a fair to-morrow!

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May they awaken thus? Why, who will fear,
Knowing of all these fifty years the story,
That, when withdrawn from all on earth so dear,
They will not find an entrance into glory?

Who does not feel within his heart assured
That when with us they are no longer holden,
A nobler mansion is for them secured
In Christ's own home, "Jerusalem the golden?"

There will they find their loved ones gone before,
There welcome those in their bright pathway treading,
There will they keep a feast forevermore,
More joyful even than this Golden Wedding.

TRENTON, N. J.

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THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

GENERAL AND MRS. H. P. V., MINNEAPOLIS, 1886.

THE winds of March were piping loud,
The trees were bare, or clad in snow;
No wedding guests, a joyous crowd,
Pressed to that bridal, long ago.

Fort Winnebago sombre seemed;
Its loved commander late had died;
And tears in eyes most sparkling gleamed,
For his young daughter was the bride.

His dear young daughter, born and reared
With ancient forests all around;
How like a wood-nymph she appeared,
Her cheeks all bloom, her hair unbound.

As light of foot as hart or roe,
And eyes that laughed with lurking bliss,
Till lately ignorant of woe, —
Why learn it in an hour like this?

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Her marriage hour; and on she moved,
So changed, and yet in fair array,
And gave her hand to him she loved,
And wiped the springing tears away.

She could not quite forget her grief,
Nor her dear mother's widowhood;
And yet her sorrow found relief
From him who there beside her stood.

"Without reproach, and without fear,"
Was this her chosen knight and true;
A heart to love, a heart to dare,
Was beating 'neath his garb of blue.

And thus they stood united so,
Their souls with love and grief at strife,
In that old fort so long ago,
Upon the frontier of their life.

Now fifty years have passed away;
Through those dim woods the axe has rung,
And homes where sunshine loves to play,
And cities, from their roots have sprung.

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And children round this wedded pair,
From infancy to manhood grown,
Rejoice their honored names to bear,
And so transmit them to their own;

Their honored names, their virtues too,
Their love of country, love of God,
And old foundations build anew,
Like them, in wilds before untrod.

Ah, well! this pair are veterans now,
For both have passed through cruel wars;
The marks are stamped on either brow,
And both have honorable scars.

Revered and loved! on tented field,
Or striving with an anguished heart,
To God *alone* content to yield,
Full bravely ye have borne your part.

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THE SHINING PATH.

PROVERBS iv. 18.

WHERE no one tramples on a fallen foe,
Nor shuns a friend in his adversity;
For truth and justice where men dare to die,
But with the wicked are afraid to go;
Where none defame the name of charity,
As one confounding grossest wrong with right,
Nor call it prudence, but a coward's flight,
To turn away from the oppressed one's cry;
Where pride of place they pass undazzled by,
And never yield the soul to pleasure's sway,
But, walking humbly their appointed way,
They fear the Lord, and give to Him their days, —
From such a path, once found, none ever stray;
The light that gilds it is a cloudless blaze.

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GOLGOTHA.

THEY gathered round the cross; who gathered round?
The lepers cleansed, the blind restored to sight,
Captives of Satan with their chains unbound,
The dead called from the grave to life and light.

They gathered round the cross; who gathered round?
The poor that heard His word; the hungry fed;
The broken-hearted, healed of every wound;
They to whose arms He had restored the dead.

They gathered round the cross; who gathered round?
The lost reclaimed; sinners, their sins forgiven;
Vile publicans, whose eyes that sought the ground
His hand had pointed to a smiling heaven.

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They gathered round the cross; who gathered round?
Women whose joy had been to soothe His woes;
His mother, anguish, triumph in each wound
Her son, her Saviour, suffered for His foes.

They gathered round the cross; who gathered round?
False, envious priests; soldiers who mocked His pain;
Proud Pharisees, whose garments swept the ground.
And thus upon the cross the Lord was slain.

They gathered round the cross; the trembling skies
Withdrew their light till death its work had done;
Yet day so bright ne'er dawned on mortal eyes,
For our salvation by the cross was won.

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RESURRECTION.

If Christ be not raised, your faith is vain; ye are yet in your sins.
1 Cor. xv. 17.

Wrapped in His linen shroud, the Christ was dead;
His mangled form was laid in Joseph's tomb;
And Roman guards, with stern and stately tread,
Paced slowly round it in the deep'ning gloom.

Yes, all was over; hope itself had fled;
His few disciples wept and mourned apart;
Had they not seen Him bow His sacred head,
And heard the cry wrung from His broken heart?

His enemies had triumphed. All in vain
The miracles of love that He had wrought;
His voice divine would ne'er be heard again;
Forgot would be the lessons He had taught.

Alas! alas! the Hope of Israel,
The King that was to sit on David's throne,
The Christ in whom all fulness seemed to dwell,
Was lying in the darksome tomb alone.

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The light of all the world was quenched in night;
All human hearts must henceforth bleed in vain;
No thing of beauty but must suffer blight;
On every soul must rest a damning stain.

Hark! hark! the rustling of an angel's wings!
A form of light prevents the coming day;
An order from the skies the stranger brings;
The stone before the tomb is rolled away.

And when with anguish sore His followers came
Around His grave to wander and to weep,
In broken accents murmuring His name,
Behold! their Lord had wakened from His sleep.

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A CHILD'S EASTER SONG.

If I had been a little Jewish child,
That morning when the Saviour left the dead,
I would have gathered lilies from the wild,
And strewn them in the path that He should tread.

I would have waited, with my early prayer,
Outside the tomb to see His face again;
Perhaps He would have smiled to see me there,
Perhaps He would have blessed me, even then.

It could not be; 't is very long ago
Since angels came and rolled the stone away,
Since Jesus burst the bands that held Him so,
And gave the world this happy Easter day.

'T is long ago. I cannot see His face,
I cannot meet His eyes, divinely sweet;
His paths of love and blessing cannot trace,
Nor scatter lilies 'neath His sacred feet;

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Yet I am happy. He who once was dead
Now lives in heaven; He will not die again;
And when my feet the golden pavement tread,
I know that He will smile and bless me then.

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MARY OF MAGDALA.*

MARK xvi. 9.

A CHRISTIAN woman! whether young and fair,
With silken locks, smooth brow, and lustrous eyes,
Or whether worn and faded, with bent form
And lips compressed, as one who strives with pain,
The artless pen of the evangelist
Has never paused to tell.

From Magdala
Beside Gennesaret this Mary came.
What Christian heart but loves Gennesaret,
Where the apostles in that olden time —
Peter and James and John — oft spread their nets,
And on whose shores and waves the Master walked?
The place is lovely still, though desolate.
Deep among mountains lies the storied lake;
The water-fowl dips in its limpid waves;
Soft shadows fall upon its shining brink,
And the warm lustre of a Syrian sky
Illumines mount and wave and wild bird's wing.

* Not the woman that was a sinner.

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But while such beauteous scenes around her lay,
How vain their charms to Mary Magdalene
When on her soul, with power by Satan armed,
Those seven foul spirits rushed, let loose from hell!
What sore temptations and what deep despair,
What wild extremes of mirth and rage and fright,
Made day and night alike a hideous dream!
And thus she was, how long they tell us not, —
How long, thus driven by relentless fiends,
She roamed the mountains like a wounded roe,
With bleeding feet, and eyes half blind with tears,
And fainting heart that longed yet feared, to die.
We are not told how long; it might be days,
Or seasons with their change, or years on years.
But we are told that she was found at last
By One who woke her from her painful dream,
Bade her look up, and worship, and rejoice.
No marvel then that, to her home restored,
To Him she ministered with ceaseless care;
No marvel that she broke through Roman guards,
The mocking Jews, and all the hateful crowd,
And stood beside His mother at the cross;
No marvel that that bruised and broken form,
That dead and buried Christ, was more to her
Than all the glory of this lower world,
Than all the golden crowns and harps of heaven.

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'T is early morning;
By the light of stars
Who comes with rapid steps toward Golgotha?
'T is Mary, seeking there the Crucified.
And now she stands beside the open tomb;
And now she mournful stoops and looks within.
Why turns she back to weep? He is not there.
She sees the two disciples come and go;
She sees the angels in their shining robes;
Still stands she there and weeps in helpless grief;
He whom her soul adores, through pain and shame,
Through life's stern conflict and the outlaw's death,
Forevermore adores, — He is not there.
Poor Mary! happy Mary!
Jesus Christ
Numbers His people's tears, and near them stands
Oft in the darkness when they know it not.
"Mary!" She turns to hear the well-known voice,
And there before her is her risen Lord.
Yes, first to thee, thou in whose frightened soul
The devils wrestled till by Him expelled;
Yes, first to thee, thou in whose faithful heart
He reigned supreme, without a rival reigned;
To thee, to thee He came, to dry thy tears,
When He had conquered death and saved the world.

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To do His bidding
Now she turns away,
Passing with kindling eyes and flying feet
And heart o'erflowing with excessive joy;
And as she passes, the glad sun upsprings,
The birds sing out among the olive boughs,
The flaming blossoms of pomegranate trees,
And white flowers of the myrtle, greet the dawn.
Jerusalem is all astir once more;
Its towers and domes are glitt'ring in the light.
The choiring angels round the throne of God
Break forth in new, transporting harmonies;
For Christ is risen, His great work is done.

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THE HEIRLOOM.

TO J. E.

A CLUSTER of white diamonds! Friend beloved,
Why are those beaming eyes thus on them bent?
Why with a bauble is that heart so moved,
That seems the seat of tender sentiment?

Is it because such lustre in them glows?
Oh, no! one ray of sunshine is more bright,
One drop of dew upon an opening rose,
One star upon the cloudless brow of night.

Is it because upon thy mother's breast
They shone serenely, though she wept or smiled,
When nearest to her heart thy head found rest,
And she forgot her jewels in her child?

Not even this, so sweet and tender thought,
Gives to thine eyes a sudden lustre now;
Not filial love, with grateful gladness fraught,
Has flung this starry halo round thy brow.

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The hours of youth and love, of dance and song,
Are they reflected in the diamonds' light?
The friends that to those merry hours belong,
Their laughing faces, crowd they on thy sight?

Oh, no! not these; far other thought is thine.
These precious jewels, thy dear mother wore,
Seem now to sparkle with a light divine,
A light immortal, never seen before.

"It is my birthday," thus I hear thee say,
"And she who gave me birth has gone to God;
Now will I give her brightest gems away,
That heathen women find the path she trod.

"This heirloom, then, is my evangelist,
My missionary to the sad and lone.
On every gem I read the name of Christ;
I see a gospel in each precious stone.

"Dear mother, once 't was well if thou approved,
And in thy smile I cared not who might frown;
Dear legacy of one so much beloved,
Go thou and gather jewels for her crown."

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"GOD WILLS IT."

READ AT A WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY MEETING.

THERE is a story, which I need not tell,
How Godfrey led the hosts of Christendom
To snatch from the blaspheming infidel
That spot so sanctified, the Saviour's tomb.

You know his words as, reining in his steed,
While round him princes thronged in war's array,
His arm outstretched, that all should take good heed,
He cried, "God wills it; let us hence away!"

And then, with lifted cross and bugle blast,
With eyes of fire and hearts with zeal aflame,
On toward the East that mighty army past,
Unmindful of the country whence they came.

One thought, one hope, sustained them on the road,
The weary road that led so far from home:
"We go, obedient to the will of God,
To rescue from the Turk the Saviour's tomb."

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Had they forgotten what the angel said
To Mary, when she came at early dawn
To seek the place where her dear Lord was laid,
Only to find that He she sought was gone?

"He is not here, but risen;" so she fled
At once in haste from that deserted spot,
With eager feet the joyful news to spread,
That Death the victor had retained Him not.

Godfrey and all his host have perished long;
Those steel-clad men, like shadows, passed away;
They only live in history and song,
And *we* are the crusaders of to-day.

We women, — we have heard our Leader's call
That we should go to distant heathen lands,
To our poor sisters held in Satan's thrall,
And put the price of ransom in their hands.

We will not linger; we the cross will bear,
Which like the rod of Aaron buds and blooms,
To helpless women on whose deep despair
No present joy, no hope of glory comes.

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Some of them dwell beside Euphrates' stream,
Hard by those ancient bowers, once heavenly fair,
Where life might pass like a delightful dream
Had not the serpent left his venom there.

The paradise of home we would restore,
Its sweet affections, pleasant household cares;
Expel each thing of evil from its door,
And hallow it with praises and with prayers.

And we would show the true and living way
That leads to the eternal life above,
Where light divine rules the supernal day,
And all the air is filled with notes of love.

God wills it; we obey the voice divine.
We seek *a living tomb*, but not alone;
The risen Lord upon our path will shine,
And His own hand will roll away the stone.

And out of darkness, out of anguish sore,
Those pagan women God's clear light shall see;
Shall waken to a life unknown before,
Like us in Christ, through Christ forever free.

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And is it ours to hasten the glad day,
Ours to convey afar the tidings sweet?
And on the distant mountains will they say
At our approach, "How beautiful their feet?"

Yes, we are chosen, we whom God has blest
By giving us the knowledge of His Son.
"He wills it;" what He wills is always best,
And what He wills is certain to be done.

Dear friends, rejoice! the hour is drawing nigh
When to the church the world will tribute bring;
When holy peace will beam from every eye,
And loud hosannas through the welkin ring.

Oh, think how blessed will that morning be
When Christ His bride with robes of joy adorns;
When every land shall keep a jubilee,
And crown as victor Him once crowned with thorns!

O happy day! O coronation day!
When He whose right it is shall take the throne;
When every idol shall be swept away,
And God, the uncreated, reign alone.

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ELIZABETH.

WRITTEN FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS, BY REQUEST.

"How can I make the most of life?"
So to herself a maiden said.
"What works, with love and mercy rife,
Will follow me when I am dead?
Will follow me above the stars,
To those dear mansions of the blest,
Where never earth's disturbing jars
Can violate the perfect rest;

"I love the Saviour; He is mine;
I fain would do some work for Him;
He leads me by His hand divine,
At morning dawn and evening dim.
Upon His errands I would go,
Conferring not with flesh and blood;
To seek the lost ones in their woe,
To bring the erring back to God."

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So to herself the maiden said,
Walking alone, in sunny June,
In a fair valley carpeted
With flowering turf. The wild bird's tune
Rang out from boughs of ancient elms;
Sweet smiling homes around her lay;
How could she think of distant realms,
Of other valleys far away?

A church stood on the village green;
White doves had lighted on the spire;
A fairer or more peaceful scene
No heart of woman could desire.
She gazed: "'T was there my pastor dear
Baptized me (so my mother saith),
And in that voice I love to hear
Declared my name 'Elizabeth.'

"Baptized me in the name of God
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
And prayed, whatever path I trod,
In God alone my soul should boast;
For God alone that I should live,
Should serve Him with a perfect love,
To Him my noblest powers should give,
And dying, reign with Him above.

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"O God, the Lord of life and death,
Make Thou my life an answered prayer!
And when I yield my latest breath,
Oh, take me to be with Thee there,—
There where the ransomed spirits dwell!
And, my Redeemer, take with me,
The anthem of the just to swell,
A *throng* that I have led to thee."

A year passed on; another June
Had filled the vale with songs and flowers,
And starry eve and sunny noon
Lent glory to the passing hours.
But one dear voice no more was heard
With robin's song and rose's breath;
One step no more the greensward stirred;
Gone was the loved Elizabeth.

Her bark was bounding o'er the sea,
And she was standing at the prow;
Rapt in exultant dreams was she,
A holy gladness on her brow.
"I come, I come," she seemed to say,
"Dear friends whom I have never seen,
I come to show your feet the way
To crystal rills and pastures green.

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"Christ sends me to you with His love,
Ye broken-hearted, it is true;
To tell you there's a place above
For such as you, for such as you.
He hears your cries, He sees your tears,
His mighty arm salvation brings;
He lives to vanquish all your fears,
To shelter you beneath His wings."

And now the ship, through Indian seas,
Entered the harbor of Bombay;
Sweet odors floated on the breeze,
Strange birds came forth with plumage gay.
Elizabeth had found her place;
And as she stepped upon the shore,
A stranger, looking in her face,
Dropped at her feet a lotus flower.*

For as she trod that foreign shore
A light celestial filled her eyes,
A glance of pity and of power,
As one just come from purer skies;
As one who came, an envoy blest,
From that high court where God is King,
For all the weary and opprest
His messages of peace to bring.

* A sacred flower in India.

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How sad the homes to which she came,—
What hopeless sorrow dark and deep!
How sunk in ignorance and shame!
The sight might make the sternest weep.
To such abodes that bore the brand
Of sin accurst and deathless death,
The Holy Bible in her hand,
Came the beloved Elizabeth.

The Bible! he who doubts the power
Of that one book has quite forgot
That on this earth there is no bower
Of love and peace *where it is not.*
Where it is not, there woman weeps,
There helpless children pale and pine,
The gate of death no angel keeps
To whisper of a life divine.

From that fair book of life she read
Of man's great fall, of God's great love,
Of Christ, who for the sinful died,
That they might live with Him above;
That all who would accept His grace
Might win the crown the ransomed wear,
Might look upon His unveiled face,
And His bright-beaming image bear.

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'T is far away! 't was long ago;
I know not who those words believed;
But this at least I surely know,
She asked in faith, and so received.
Her time was short; consuming love,
It may be, burned her life away;
Or beckoning angels from above
Entreated, and she could not stay.

But this I know, — when Jesus came,
It was to her a sweet surprise;
With dying breath she named His name,
A bright'ning glory in her eyes.
And Hindoo women round her bed
Stood still, and neither wept nor sighed,
But wond'ring, to each other said,
"She laughed upon us when she died."

'T is years ago, full fifty years,
Since this sweet tale was told to me.
I tell it o'er mid joyful tears,
To think of what a saint may be;
I tell it in remembrance sweet
Of one so faithful unto death,
Of one I hope some time to meet,
The well-beloved Elizabeth.

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THE UNKNOWN FRIEND.

My friend is coming; he is nigh.
I feel his breath, I hear his sigh.
How silently along the grass
His awful shadow seems to pass
Between me and the noon,
Between me and the moon!

I call him friend, though stern his glance,
Though cold his heart and sharp his lance;
For when he lays his hand on me,
This earth-bound spirit will be free, —
One moment's pain and strife,
Then everlasting life.

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QUEEN ISABELLA AND HER JEWELS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED:

ISABELLA, *Queen of Castile;* CARLOTA, BLANCA, CATALINA, CECILIA, CLAUDIA, *ladies in attendance;* JULIAN, *a page;* CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

SCENE: *A room in the palace at Santa Fé.*

[*Enter the Queen and her ladies.*]

QUEEN (*sinking into a seat.*)

SIT, ladies, I am weary, and would rest.
My heart is sad; 't is sad to be a queen.
Our proudest triumphs are a source of grief.
I can but pity those unhappy Moors,
Although Heaven knows that not for glory's sake,
Nor even for the honor of our realm,
But to advance the blessèd cause of Christ
And lift the cross above the paynim towers,
Did we begin this cruel, dreadful war.

[*She weeps.*]

CARLOTA (*sinking at her feet*).

Dear Lady, do not weep; or weep for joy.
Think how the Christian church throughout the world
Rejoices in this triumph of the cross!

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Oh, never was my heart so proud and glad
As on that day when, through Granada's streets,
I saw my sovereigns, with their conq'ring host,
To the Alhambra pass, while all the air,
But lately filled with shouts of infidels,
Was vocal with "Te Deums" grand and sweet.

QUEEN.

Oh, yes, it was indeed a happy day!
But, dear Cecilia, what of Boabdil?
Thy tale was interrupted yesterday.
What said he when he reached the lofty height
Which overlooks the towers and minarets
Of his lost capital, his royal seat?

CECILIA.

My sovereign Lady, words are all too weak
At such a moment; and the banished King
Said naught, as I have heard, but looked and wept,
Then turned and fled away, I know not where.

QUEEN.

Ah! wretched Boabdil! Believe me, girls,
This life is full of grief, full to the brim.
The conqueror and the conquered both must weep;
And who shall say that the most bitter tears
Are not full often wrung from him whose gains
Are purchased by another's heavy loss?

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But bring me music! Catalina, sing!
Thy voice hath oft beguiled me of my cares.
No earth-born melody, — some pious hymn,
To raise my thoughts to that celestial world
Where the tumultuous sounds of battle cease,
And joy comes on with no attendant woe.

[*Catalina sings.*]

"O mother dear, Jerusalem, when shall I come to thee?"

[*Enter a page.*]

QUEEN

Whence com'st thou, Julian? what thine errand now?

JULIAN

My Queen, Columbus craves an audience.

[*The ladies smile and put their hands to their heads.*]

BLANCA.

O my liege Lady, suffer not, I pray,
That crazy man to trouble you again.

CLAUDIA

Let me entreat you, do not, gracious Queen.
I must believe 't is dang'rous to be good,
Since men like this Columbus, foolish men,
So oft presume upon it, and grow bold.
Good my Queen, take rest; see not this crack-brain.

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QUEEN.

Call in Columbus, Julian; no delay.

[*Enter Columbus, and kneels before the Queen*]

COLUMBUS.

I thank thee, O my Sovereign, that once more
I am permitted to behold thy face!
And now once more, upon my bended knee,
I would entreat for this my enterprise
Thy royal favor, which it so much needs.
These many years have I from court to court
Wandered a beggar, so content to do,
Might I at length obtain the boon I crave,
And launch my bark upon an unknown sea,
To find the Indies with their boundless wealth.
O Queen, believe not that my brain is turned!
Believe that through my voice the voice of God
Is speaking to thee now.
There *is* a path
To that far country o'er the wide blue sea.
Those Western shores upon my spirit rise
From morn till noon, from noon till eventide,
From eventide till dawn. I see them now;
I breathe the odors from that lovely land;
I hear the song of birds that comes from thence;
I mark the distant hills with foliage crowned;
And from the summit of those distant hills

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I see e'en now the banner of the cross, —
The banner of the cross and old Castile.
O Lady, send me there! I have grown old
In waiting at thy gate; see these gray hairs!
'T is little that I crave; such as full oft
Is squandered in a day, without a thought,
Upon a royal feast or tournament.
O gentle Lady, poverty and scorn
Have been my portion for these many years;
Yet hope has never died within my heart,
Nor faith in God, nor yet my faith in thee.
What if that fair and royal brow of thine
Were destined yet to wear another crown,
The crown of a new world? Oh, speak one word!
Oh, say the cause is thine, and all is well!

ISABELLA.

Columbus, I am poor, although a queen;
These Moorish wars have left but little gold
For arts of peace, or foreign enterprise.
But yet I have revolved within my mind
Thy theory of the world, so strange and new.
I have not held thee for a dreamer vain,
Devoid of reason, as to some thou seem'st.
I see in thee a large and noble soul,
With one great thought, "burning, yet unconsumed;"

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And can I doubt that He who formed that soul,
Its king and guide, fired it with that one thought?
Go, then, inspired one, follow still the Voice
That speaks within thee, to the promised land.
Plant on those Western shores the cross of Christ;
And He who guides shall guard thee on thy way.

[*She gives him a casket of jewels.*]

These shall provide thee ships and sustenance,
And by the papers I will shortly send
Thou art created Lord High Admiral.
Adieu, adieu; may'st thou in peace return!

[*Columbus kisses her hand, and the hem of her robe.*]

[*The curtain falls.*]

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1492-1892.

FOUR hundred years since first upon thy shore
Columbus knelt, his weary voyage o'er,
And kissed thy shining sands, San Salvadore.

Restrain his joy he would not, if he could;
His eyes o'erflowed with tears of gratitude
As on the threshold of a world he stood.

Four hundred years since o'er the seas he came,
And now all lands are vocal with his fame,
All hearts beat high at mention of his name.

And yet upon that bright October day,
When this new world before Columbus lay,
He knew, he felt, that God had led the way.

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MY PLANET.

"Blessings brighten as they take their flight."

How beautiful this planet is to me!
Its wooded hills, with all their rocky towers;
Its valleys, with their rainbow-colored flowers;
Its wonderful blue sea.

Go where I will the landscape is most fair;
In every place I see new charms arise;
In my own land and under other skies, —
'T is lovely everywhere.

And with it I have travelled very far,
In its bright orbit, all around the sun,
So many times since this my life begun, —
My chariot a star.

Sweet planet, cradle of my infancy,
Forever turning, keeping time and tune,
While moving on with thine attendant moon
Through the serenest sky,

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What if I leave thee! — though I could not mourn
If lifted to a yet diviner sphere —
Still shall I love the mansion now so dear,
The star where I was born;

The rising and the setting of its sun,
The fragrant breezes, soft-descending showers,
The love-lit faces smiling from its bowers,
The paths I've trod alone.

I shall bethink me of the Sabbath bell,
The hand that led me to the house of God,
The voice that told of Christ's redeeming blood,
The Bible loved so well.

Oh, yes, my planet, birthplace of my soul,
Immortal hopes and joys began with thee,
To brighten ever as eternally
The blissful ages roll.

BAYHEAD, N. J.

THE END.

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